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# Quest

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## Staff

### Graphic Assistant

Macayla Neufeld

### Editorial Assistant

Lindsey Angell

### Faculty Advisor/Editorial Director

Bonnie Bonincontri

### Address communications to:

The Editor, Quest  
Lynn University  
3601 N. Military Trail  
Boca Raton, FL 33431-5598

Cover illustration by Olivia Morris  
Left drawing by Zhanna Abdrakhmanova  
Layout by Andy Hirst  
Proofed by Jordan Chussler  
Multi-touch book by Dawn Dubruiel

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The Multi-touch version is available on the iTunes store, gratis. From your iPad, launch the **iBooks** application and search "Lynn University Quest" from the **Featured** tab.



# Recipe for Fulfillment

by Paula Hyman

Drop the shackles that hold you back.  
Free yourself from what you don't believe.  
Don't let anyone tell you, "You can't."  
Love freely and kindly, share your newfound wisdom.  
Hate shall have no place to fester.  
Let it drown in the depths of our deepest ocean.  
Keep dreaming and searching for truth.  
Then you shall find inner peace and bountiful happiness.

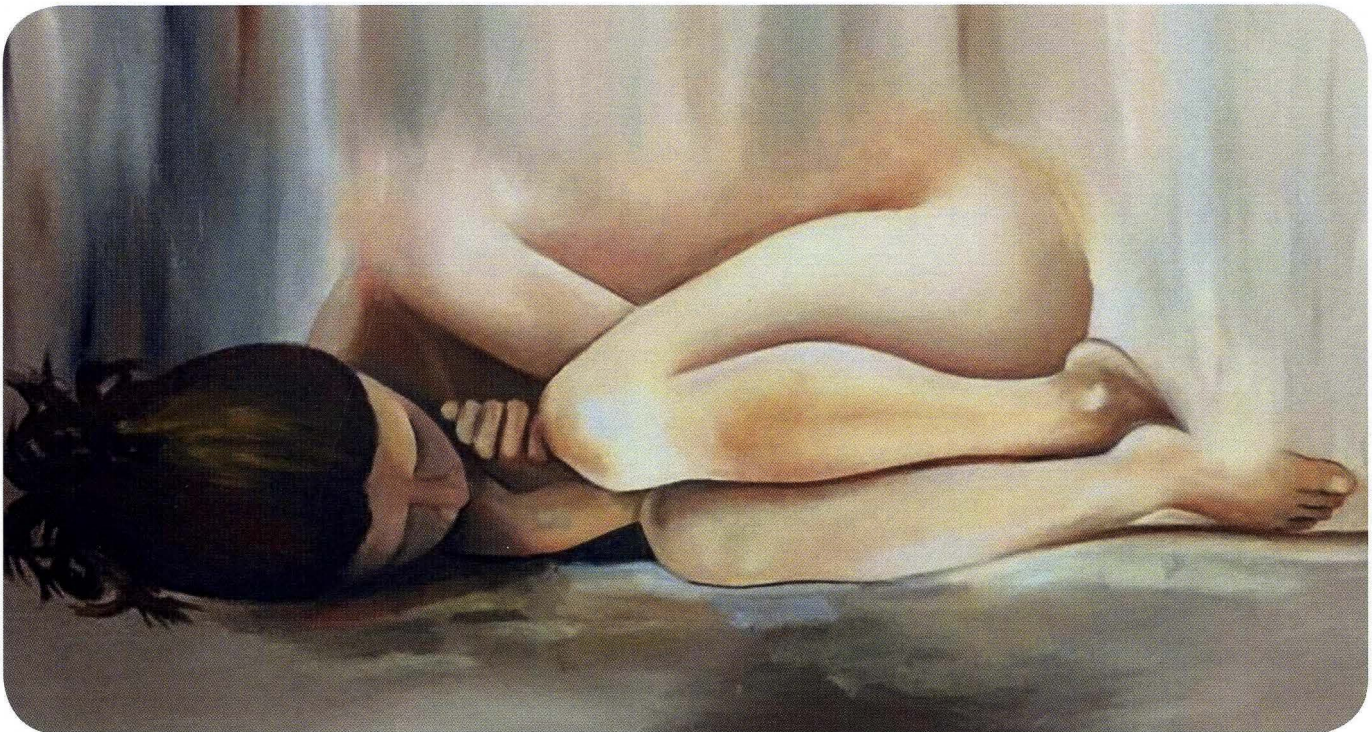




# You Are What Is Called Woman

by Jalyn Johnson

You are what is called woman.  
You are to be strong and fierce.  
You will be submissive and meek.  
You are to have wisdom and be clever.  
You will be ditzy and brainless.  
You must have beauty and grace.  
You will be used and mistreated.  
You are to love and be loved.  
You will be emotional, irrational, hormonal, and hysterical.  
You are to be power and strength.  
You will be bitchy and bossy.  
Your value will be based on your appeal.  
Your worth to descend with age.  
Your purpose at the hand of man.  
You shall be called woman.  
And that will make all the difference.



Top photo by Stephanie Canonica  
Bottom painting by Samantha Rodriguez  
Opposite drawing by Olivia Morris

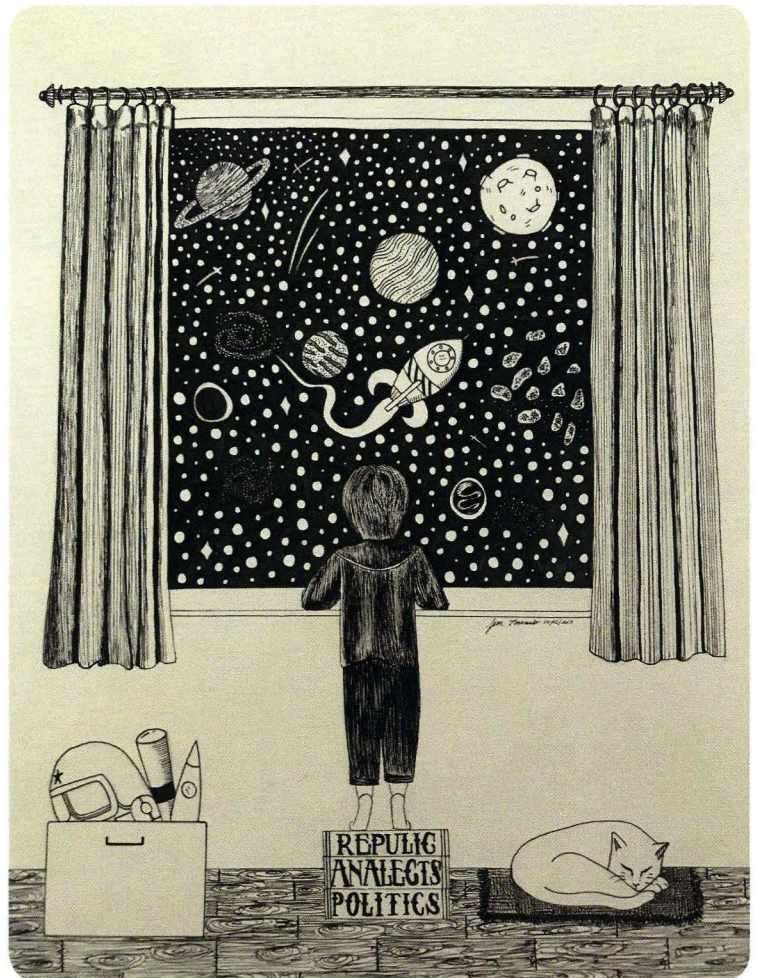
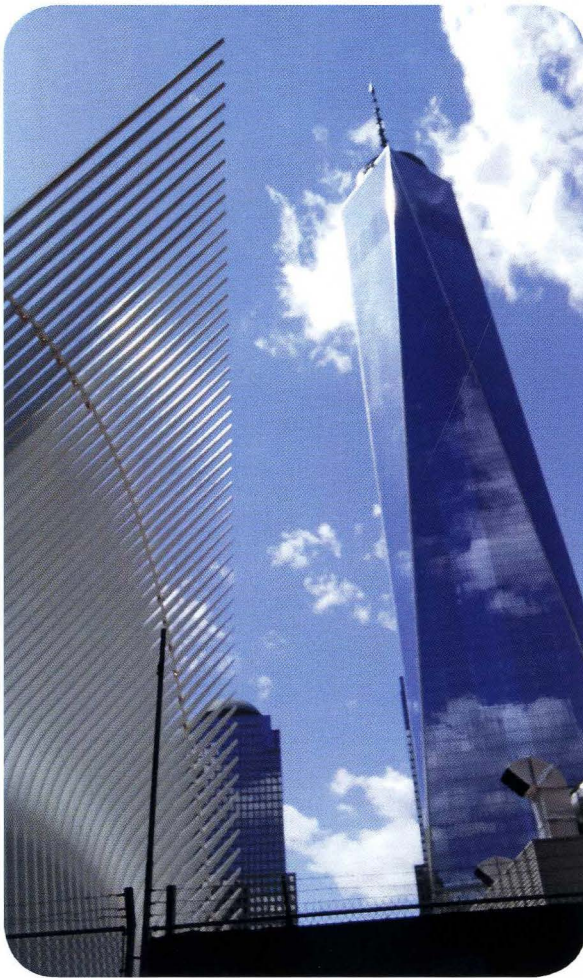


# Departure

by Samantha Barber

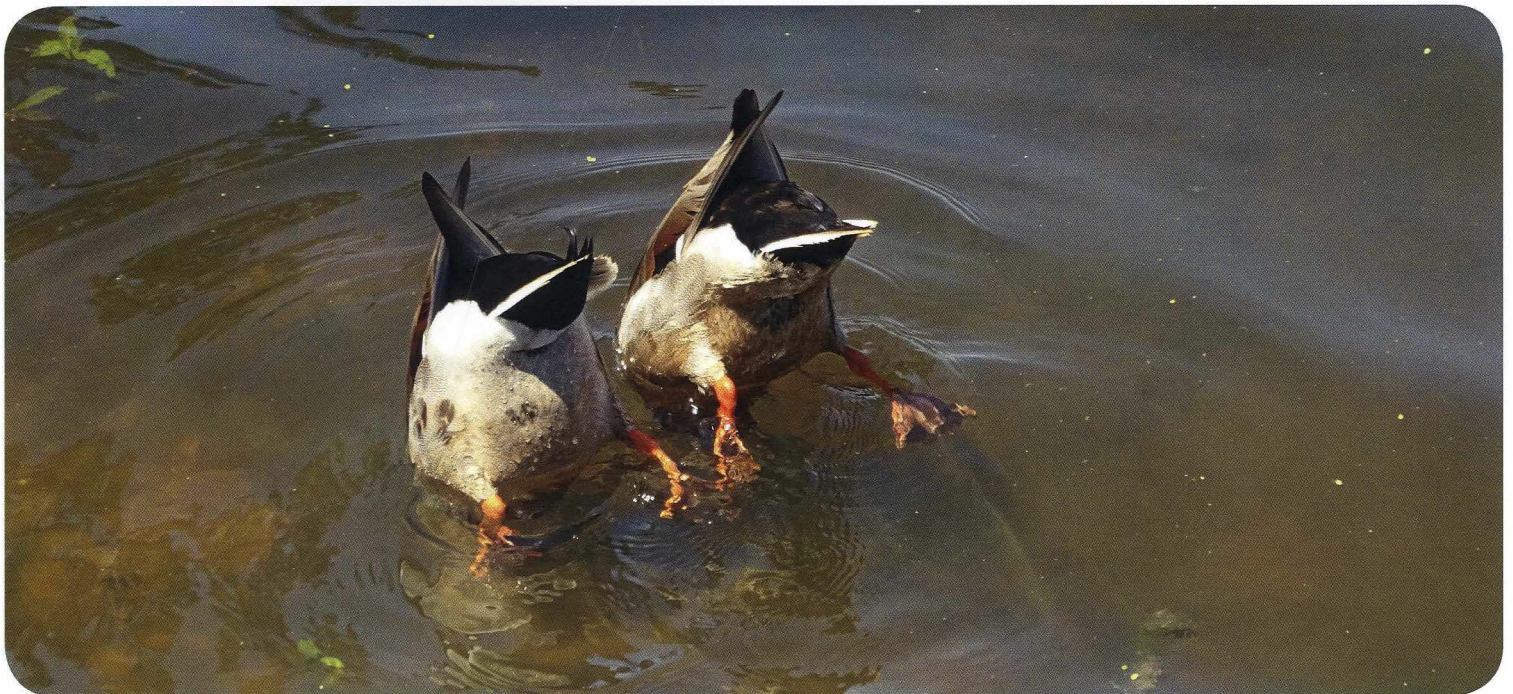
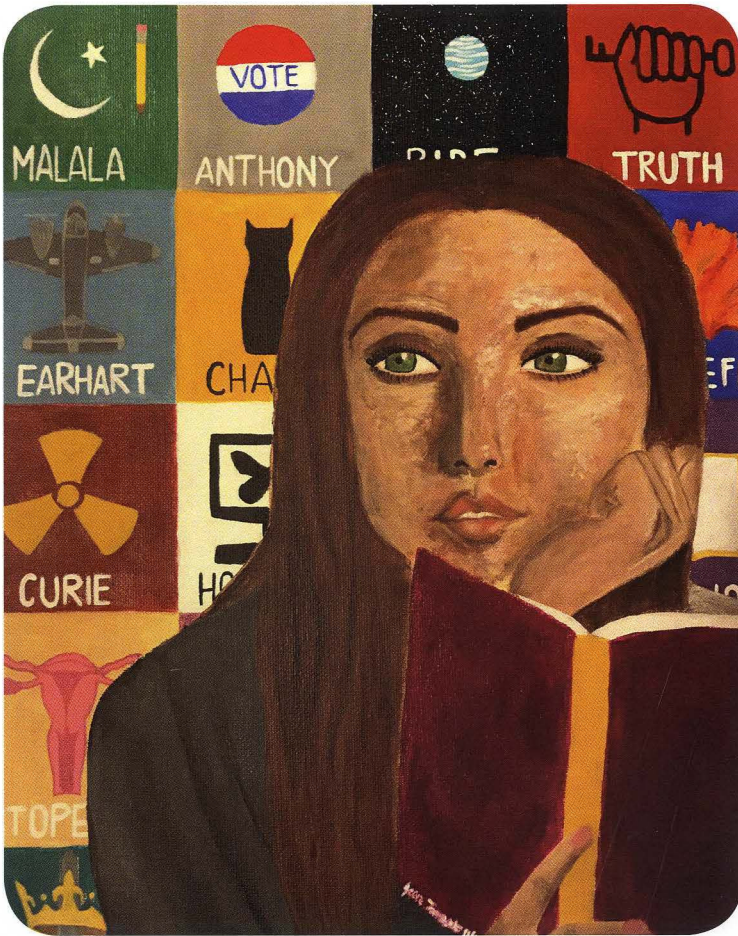
We're moving now. It feels too fast, but in reality, it's me counting down the minutes. I want time to slow down. I don't want to be here. I want to close my eyes and curl up into a little ball. I can hear my mother's voice trying to comfort me. Her hand reaches for mine. I'm so desperately wanting her affection that finally when her hand touches mine I feel a sense of warmth. But when she turns around from her seat, I look at her and I can see the sadness in her eyes. The same sadness that is in mine. My Dad is quiet. A tell-tale sign that something is eating away at him. When he's happy, he always has jokes. But when he is sad, he's quiet. He's not often like this. But, I can tell by the speed he's going, he's in no rush to get to our destination. He is stalling.

It upsets me more to know that I am causing him to feel this way. We know the length of time. Thirty-six minutes to be exact. And every minute is wasting away like my tears. The destination is inevitable. And there's nothing I can do or say to stop us from reaching it. Sometimes I'm even tempted to tell them I don't want to go. Or in fact, that I will not go. But we all know I am leaving, no matter what. I've done this so many times, yet every time I relive this moment I'm more frightened than before. It's because I know what's to come. Don't get me wrong, I love my independence, but you truly don't know what it is to be lonely until you move to another continent. And alone. As I said before, it's inevitable. I will leave, and I will return. But the leaving part is just not an emotion that can be described clearly. It gets harder each time, and the months feel longer. But in the end, I will always return to them. They will always be there waiting for my return, and I will always look forward to that day.



Left photo by Davis Fleisher  
Right drawing by Jean Tomasulo





Top left by Jean Tomasulo  
 Top right by Noah Najjar  
 Bottom by Stephanie Canonica



# Lesson

by Vanessa Calle Borelly

Once upon a time, there was a family of mice who lived in the pantry of a house. They were always afraid of a huge cat that lived in the house, so they were terrified of going outside of the pantry.

Oldest mouse (serious)

We should find a solution to put an end to this cat.

Youngest mouse (enthusiastic)

I know! Let's put a jingle bell to the cat so that the sound helps us to know where the cat is.

The proposal was so attractive to the mice that all of them started to celebrate and scream.

Oldest mouse (screaming)

Shut up! Now we need to know who is going to put the jingle bell on the cat.

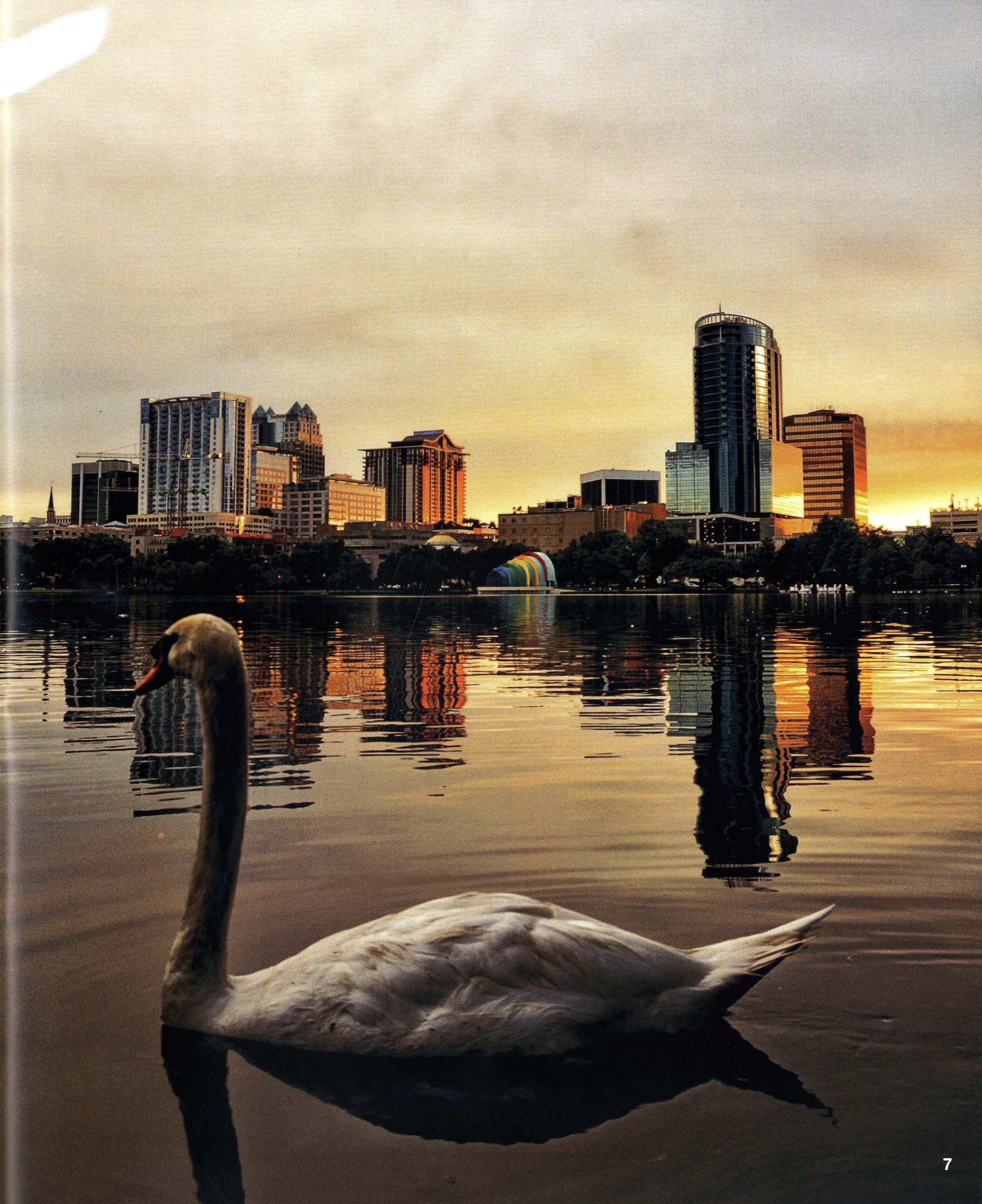
After hearing this, everybody was silent because none of them was able or brave enough to answer that question. Suddenly, all of them started to feel fear again, and they ran inside their caves and hid.

Lesson: IT IS EASIER TO PROPOSE IDEAS THAN TO CARRY THEM OUT



Image by Jayden McClarry  
Opposite photo by Nikhil Verma







# The Garage

by Corey Bullard

1 INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Mike's wife (Sasha), their kids (Jayla & Mike Jr.), Jimmy's wife (Nicole), and Chris' wife (Audrey) are in the kitchen. It's in the morning on Easter Sunday and they are preparing for the HOA's big Easter Eggstravaganza.

SASHA

MJ, hold still!

MJ

Mom, it's too tight and I can't feel my legs.

JAYLA

MJ, stop acting like a baby.

MJ

How can I get the eggs if I can't even move my legs?

JAYLA

Boys are so annoying... Mommy, is Daddy annoying? Because I heard that men are just boys trapped inside a man's body?

SASHA

Jayla Michelle Redding! Who told you that?

NICOLE MORAN

Sorry Sasha, I was on the phone when I picked up Jayla yesterday. She must have been listening a little too attentively.

SASHA

Thanks a lot, Nicky. I'm glad you're teaching my five-year-old daughter about men.

AUDREY SIMMS

Well, Sasha, it's not like she's wrong or something.

JAYLA

Yes, mom, because you always say Mr. Moran acts like a—

SASHA

(Abruptly interrupts)

Jayla! Go get the pink paint brushes out of the garage.

JAYLA

But mom—

SASHA

Now!

NICOLE MORAN

(Laughing)

Don't worry, Sasha, whatever you said is probably right anyway.

Jayla hops out of the kitchen and heads for the garage to get the paint brushes.

2 INT. MIKE'S GARAGE - MORNING

Mike, Jimmy Moran, and Chris Simms are hanging out in the garage while trying to seem like they are getting ready for the Easter Eggstravaganza.

MIKE

It doesn't matter Jimmy, if the Patriots O-line is giving Brady the time to sit in the pocket and pass the ball, you can forget about anybody ever beating them.

JIMMY

Yeah, well, the bookie has the Steelers at 3 to 1 odds, and when the Patriots lose, I'm cashing in big time.

CHRIS

Jimmy, they've won three of the last six Super Bowls. Come on, really.

JIMMY

Hey, if you guys are too chicken to put a little money on the line, that's not my problem. Neither one of you are ever going to cash in if you keep act like a couple of—

Mike's daughter, Jayla, skips into the room singing the title track to the movie *Frozen*.

MIKE

(Forcefully interrupts Jimmy)

Hi, sweetie. What are you looking for?

JAYLA

Mommy told me to get the paintbrushes for coloring the eggs.

MIKE

Ok, honey. Look over there on the small shelf behind the cooler.

JAYLA

Thanks, Daddy. They're going to be so pretty.

JIMMY

That's right. I bet your eggs are going to be the coolest eggs at the festival.

Jayla grabs the paintbrushes and skips back out of the garage.



JIMMY

So, anyway Mike, are you and Chris in or out? He needs to pick up the cash by 5 p.m. today.

CHRIS

I'm out.

MIKE

You know I'm out. I like to keep my money, not throw it out the window.

JIMMY

Whatever, you guys are chumps. In life, to be a winner, you gotta take risks.

CHRIS

(Laughing)

We take risks. Mike is risking his manhood, dressing up as a 6-foot-tall Easter bunny for this HOA thing today.

MIKE

Shut up, Chris, Sasha wants to win this stupid competition, so we have to go all out.

JIMMY

Nikki's dragged me to this thing every year for the past eight years, and winning the event comes down to one thing: the brightest eggs.

CHRIS

He's right, Mike. If you go out there with dull, off-colored eggs, you can forget about it.

JIMMY

Exactly. And I've got the answer to that problem.

MIKE

Thanks, Chris. You got him starting with another plan. I'll pass. The last time you said those words, I ended up in the emergency room.

CHRIS

(Jokingly)

Yeah, I remember that. I never thought your eyebrows would grow back. The miracles of modern science.

JIMMY

Hey, leave the past in the past.

Jimmy reaches into a box and pulls out an unlabeled jar of paint.

JIMMY

The answer to your problems! This is Paint Eggcellence 1000. This stuff is ten times brighter than any paint out there.

MIKE

(Laughing uncontrollably)

Let me guess. And for just two easy payments of \$19.95, I can get the matching, magical paintbrushes, too?

JIMMY

I have no idea what's so funny. I'm trying to help you win the egg contest.

CHRIS

I don't know, Jimmy, that seems a little gimmicky.

JIMMY

Really? How are you going to say that when you've got eggs that aren't even REAL EGGS?

MIKE

Chris, why aren't you using real eggs?

JIMMY

Vegan boy over here uses ECO eggs, which are made from recycled materials.

MIKE

I thought the rules said you had to use real eggs.

CHRIS

I got a waiver from the HOA president.

MIKE

You mean, the wicked witch of the west, Hilda, gave you a waiver?

JIMMY

(Sarcastically)

He does Hilda's taxes.

CHRIS

Yes, I do. And yes, she did.

JIMMY

Anyway, this stuff is the real deal. I won a patent lawsuit over this paint. Tyco was trying to rip my client off and the rest is history. One coat of this on the eggs and you will win, hands down.

MIKE

I don't know about that. It really doesn't seem possible.

SASHA

(Yelling from the distance)

Miiiiike, the kids are waiting on you to finish the eggs!!!

JIMMY

See that, Mike? Your family is depending on you. You can't let them down. Be the alpha male you've always wanted to be.



MIKE  
Jimmy, shut up and give me the jar.  
(Yells back across the house)  
Coming Honey!!!!

Mike takes the Jar from Jimmy and the guys leave the garage, while Mike heads to the back yard to paint the eggs.

3 EXT. MIKE'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Mike, his wife, and kids are in the backyard getting ready to paint the eggs.

MIKE  
Hey, honey, do you have everything?

SASHA  
Yes, Jayla has the brushes, I have the eggs, MJ has the sparkles, and you were supposed to bring the paint out of the garage over an hour ago.

MIKE  
Got it right here honey.  
(Fake announcer's voice)  
"First place in the 2017 Eggstravaganza goes to—the Redding Family"

SASHA  
Sure honey, whatever. Pass me the paint.

The family sits down and starts painting the eggs. Mike gets hit on the ear by a small pebble and turns around to see Jimmy hiding conspicuously behind the gate.

MJ  
Dad, this paint is too sticky.

MIKE  
Let me get some water. That'll thin it out some.

Mike casually walks over to the water hose and turns it on while trying to figure out why Jimmy is hiding.

MIKE  
(Forcefully whispering)  
What are you doing, Jimmy?

JIMMY  
(Whispering)  
Don't boil the eggs! I forgot to tell you not to boil the eggs!

MIKE  
Why wouldn't I boil them? Jimmy, stop screwing around before Sasha sees you.

JIMMY  
Whatever you do, don't boil the eggs.

MIKE  
I already boiled the eggs, now get out of here!

Mike points the hose at Jimmy and sprays him to shoo him away. Mike returns to the table and continues painting the eggs.

4 INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

The family has finished painting and left the eggs in the backyard to dry.

SASHA  
Ok, MJ and Jayla, I need those rooms cleaned before we leave for the picnic.

KIDS  
Yeeeeess moooooom.

SASHA  
Mike, can you check the car and make sure we have everything? I'm going upstairs to print out the picnic activity schedule.

MIKE  
Honey, you know the printer is wireless. You can just do it from your phone.

SASHA  
That would be great if the wifi was working. You forgot to call Comcast to get a technician to come out.

MIKE  
Right, honey, I was just planning to do that.

SASHA  
(Sarcastically)  
I'm sure you were.

Sasha heads upstairs and Jimmy reappears crawling through the back door.

JIMMY  
Is she gone?

MIKE  
Jimmy, what the hell is wrong with you? Why are you on my kitchen floor?

JIMMY  
Is Sasha gone?!

MIKE  
Yes, now get up.



Jimmy quickly jumps to his feet, frantically grabs Mike, and starts running out the back door.

JIMMY

You can't use boiled eggs because the paint cooks the eggs, so if you boil them, they're going to—

CHRIS

Get doooooown!

Chris is seen running and diving on the eggs as a series of loud pops and booms are heard. Paint and boiled eggs are everywhere in the backyard.

MIKE

Jimmy, you idiot! Why didn't you tell me that sooner?

JIMMY

I've been trying to tell you.

CHRIS

I googled it and 21,000 people had complaints about these eggs.

MIKE

Jimmy, I'm going to kill you.

Mike runs at Jimmy, but Chris jumps in between them.

CHRIS

You don't have time for this. Take my car, go to Publix, and buy some real eggs before Sasha knows you're gone. Here are the keys. Me and Einstein here, will clean up the backyard.

Mike takes the keys and runs next-door to Chris' car and heads to the store.

5 INT. PUBLIX GROCERY STORE - REGISTER - MIDDAY

The beeping and crunching of cash registers is overwhelmingly noticeable as frenetic shoppers race through the grocery store on Easter in South Florida. Mothers, kids, and everyone in between armed with grocery carts are racing through the store to the tune of 1990s light pop/rock music blaring on the overhead PA system. Mike, frustrated and dazed, is losing his last bit of patience as he is dodging shoppers and jockeying to get pole position in the shortest checkout line, Register 6.

MIKE

(Brings his body to a screeching halt)  
Excuse me ma'am, I'm sorry.

Mike arrives at the checkout line at the same time as a woman around his age who looks familiar. The woman has a cart full of groceries

while Mike is struggling to balance two cartons of Dairy Farms Grade A brand eggs, a gallon of milk, and a bottle of Publix brand vinegar. The woman is a 30-something, flustered mother of one little boy who is rocking back and forth in the grocery buggy. The woman is dialing through her phone and looks up just in time to pull up on the cart, trying to avoid a collision.

WOMAN

No, I'm sorry, I've been waiting on an important phone call. I'm so sorry. Um, you were here first.

MIKE

(Begrudgingly steps back)  
Don't worry about it, you can go ahead in line.

WOMAN

Mike? OMG, Pizza Face! I can't believe it!

MIKE

Yes...uh, Pizza Face, that's definitely me.

WOMAN

OMG, so you're gonna just stand there like you don't know who I am?

MIKE

Um, honestly I'm trying to piece it together.

WOMAN

Jennifer. Jennifer Matot? High school wasn't that long ago!

MIKE

(Shuffles body and adjust groceries in his hands)  
Ohhhhh, Too-Hot Matot? I didn't even recognize you.

WOMAN

(Smiles)

Yeah, it's me. I used to hate when you guys called me that.

(Still smiling)

Jennifer is immediately hit on the cheek with an airborne Barnum brand animal cracker.

WOMAN

Justin William Chase Jr.! That's enough! Next time, I'm taking back the Pokémon game.

Mike stares at the child in the grocery basket with disbelief.

MIKE

Justin Chase Jr. As in Third Base Chase? You married Third Base Chase?

WOMAN

Yes, I did.



(Looks down at phone)  
But it didn't work out.  
(Sighs)

MIKE  
Wow, I mean, I never would've thought that Too-Hot  
Mat—I mean, you would've connected with Third Base  
Chase. He had a reputation for—

The cashier is a young Hispanic female who is wearing her discontent with the busy day on her face. She abruptly interrupts in a monotone voice.

CASHIER  
Paper or plastic, ma'am?

WOMAN  
Plastic, please. Justin, put that down! You're going to  
break the eggs! Ugh!

Egg yolk is running down the moving grocery conveyor belt now that the child has smashed the carton of eggs. The cashier's face turns to sheer frustration, and she reaches to the register intercom.

CASHIER  
(Sighing)  
Clean up on Register 6. Clean up on Register 6.

WOMAN  
I'm so sorry, I'm having the worst day ever.  
My son is just a little anxious because his dad is coming  
to see him today. He hasn't seen him in a month. I will  
pay for the eggs.

The cashier stops the conveyor belt and starts to ring up the groceries, taking them out one by one. At the same time, she speaks into the intercom.

CASHIER  
I need one carton of Dairy Farms Grade A eggs to  
Register 6, one carton of Dairy Farms Grade A eggs to  
Register 6.

Mike is becoming noticeably frustrated and attempts to disguise his frustration by displaying an abnormal interest in the various packs of tropical punch-flavored Skittles on the display rack. The woman, now flush-red with embarrassment, quickly turns to Mike.

WOMAN  
I'm so sorry, you've only got a few items, you should go  
in front of me. The woman turns to the cashier.

WOMAN  
(Smiles)  
Can you just like, um, pause my order on your  
computer, and ring him up right quick?

CASHIER  
(Sarcastically smiles back)  
Well, I'm half way through your groceries and since there  
is no pause button on this computer, he will have to wait.

The cashier continues to scan items as a steady pace of beeps echo in the background. The digital register sign has now surpassed \$100 and is quickly moving up to \$120 as the woman's face grows redder and flustered.

MIKE  
I'm good, don't worry about it.

The woman looks back at Mike.

WOMAN  
When, or if Justin shows up, I will definitely tell him I saw  
you.

MIKE  
Well, we weren't really that—

WOMAN  
Do you want me to give him your number or something,  
because—

A socially awkward, teenage bagboy stumbles over to the register. His voice is cracking and his face is covered in pimples.

BAGBOY  
Hi Rosie...

CASHIER  
What, Miles?

BAGBOY  
We are all out of Dairy Farms Grade A Eggs. I even  
checked with Robert in the back and he said the trucks  
don't get here until Wednesday.

The woman, Mike, and everyone else in line is looking on with contempt. Justin Jr. starts to cry as he hears the news.

JUSTIN JR.  
Mom! So, we can't make the colored eggs for Daddy?  
You promised!

The beeping sound turns to a crunching and the number \$167 rolls up on the digital display on the cash register. Justin Jr. doesn't get the reaction he wants from his mother and begins to cry even louder. The woman reluctantly reaches in her purse and pulls out a blue card that doesn't have a Visa or MasterCard logo. She quickly swipes the card through the card reader and tucks it back into her purse.

CASHIER  
Ma'am, your food stamp card says the balance is only  
\$43.57.

The woman clinches her purse and nervously fixes her hair to block her



peripheral view of the ten other people in line behind her. Mike's eyes quickly yet uncomfortably shift back to the intriguing tropical punch-flavored Skittles.

WOMAN

Can I try it again? It's a new card that's only been active for about a month.

CASHIER

Sure, go ahead.

The people in the line are growing anxious. The cashier looks down at the line and clicks a button on her register that turns off the brightly lit number 6 just above her head. The boy's cries change to more of a whine now. The woman swipes the card again.

CASHIER

(Voice is now compassionate)  
\$43.57.

WOMAN

(Flustered yet dignified)  
Ok, I'm so sorry.

The woman looks at the groceries and starts rifling through the bags.

WOMAN

I know the sale starts tomorrow for the salmon, but does the chicken go on sale today? What about the—

The cashier, now embarrassed for her, pulls out her employee discount card and inconspicuously slides it through the register.

CASHIER

Oh, I'm sorry ma'am, the total was \$95.46. This register was acting up yesterday.

The woman starts tearing through her purse assembling an assortment of five- and one-dollar bills. She sits her phone down on the register directly into the remaining spilled egg yolk, unknown to her. Mike's obsession with the tropical punch Skittles is broken by the unmistakable sound of a cellphone vibrating on a metal surface. He picks up her cellphone and wipes the egg off the back of the phone. The phone lights up, and the name "Justin" appears in bright green letters right above the words "Can't make it today, sorry." The woman is still counting money and isn't aware of the phone.

WOMAN

Fourteen, fifteen, twenty.

MIKE

Jennifer, I've got two cartons of eggs, you can have one of them. My kids are on their third batch of Easter eggs already.

Mike reaches into his pocket just before he hands the woman her

now-clean phone. Mike eyes the cashier and casually drops a \$100 bill into her purse.

WOMAN

Oh, thank you so much! Little Justin is really excited to paint eggs for his dad. That is so nice of you.

The woman does not notice Mike dropping the \$100 bill into her purse. She turns to the cashier.

WOMAN

Ok, I've got \$25 here, plus \$47 on the card. The cashier points to the woman's purse.

CASHIER

Ma'am, there is a \$100 bill that's hanging out of your purse. Do you want to just pay with that?

The woman quickly looks down and reaches into her purse and breaks into tears. She quickly hands the \$100 bill to the cashier.

WOMAN

Oh, my goodness. Yes, I will pay with this. I'm so sorry, I didn't know I had this.

The cashier takes the money from the woman and totals out the register. Mike hands the carton of Dairy Farms Grade A eggs to the little boy. He's now in a ball in the corner of the shopping cart.

MIKE

Here you go buddy. I'm sure you and your mom are going to have lots of fun painting these eggs.

WOMAN

Thanks for the eggs, Pizza Fa—I mean, Mike. I'll tell Justin I saw you.

The woman rounds her cart up and walks away. Mike timidly waves as she leaves and the cashier looks on with a smile.

CASHIER

Paper or plastic, sir?

## 6 INT. MIKE'S GARAGE -MIDDAY

Mike arrives back home and walks into the house to come clean with his wife. He notices an extra car in the driveway.

MIKE

Honey, I've got to talk to you.

SASHA

Yeah, what's up?

MIKE

There was an issue with the eggs.

[Screenplay continued in *Quest* digital magazine]



## 4 Untitled Poems

by Erika De la Torre Villazon

1.

The wolf stares at the moon. His hair is blown by the wind.  
The light of the moon blinds him, but the beauty of it  
hypnotizes him, and the only thing he can do  
is to howl.

2.

The happiness is in the air; the excitement is in the air; The  
love is in the air.  
The war is over, and the victory is on our side.  
The happiness, excitement, and love makes you want to  
scream.  
But, instead, you grab a girl and kiss her as if the world would  
end tomorrow.  
Or, maybe, as if the world will last forever.

3.

She stares;  
she stares at me;  
she stares at the camera;  
she stares, but she is not looking; she has gone into deep  
thoughts, into deep suffering.  
I can see in her eyes a world beyond my understanding, a  
world full of injustices.

I can see it;  
I can see it.  
She is trying to tell me something  
She is trying to ask something.  
She is asking me for help,  
begging me for help.

She doesn't move a single bone in her body;  
she doesn't open her mouth;  
she doesn't say anything,  
but does she need to?

4.

Is where you learn  
Is where you laugh  
Is where you fall  
Is where you fight  
Is where you grow  
Is where you gain  
Is where you loose  
Is where you lament  
Is where you begin  
Is where you become  
Is where you are  
Is where you age  
Is where you love  
Is where you live  
Is life



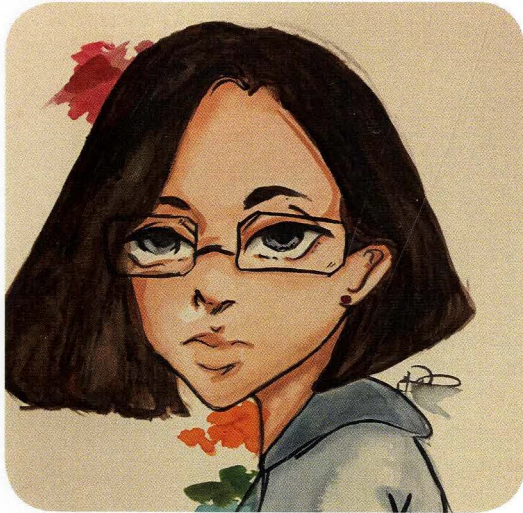
Image by Olivia Morris



# English and Literature

by Daniela Stansky

English and literature, the concept of language,  
language, the framework of communication,  
communication, the mark of civilization and advancement,  
civilization and advancement that has led to the development of poems,  
poems bring art to language, art that brings life to communication.  
Art is beauty; art is deep; art explains musically and defines symbolically,  
symbolism such as thunderstruck buffaloes in deserts,  
symbolism that helps us understand life better.  
English and literature, important aspects of us,  
aspects that establish our diverse identities,  
identities that provide us with a sense of pride,  
a sense of belonging,  
a sense of security,  
a sense of self.  
This is what drives us;  
this is what makes us all uniquely interesting and important to modern civilization.  
English and literature, the true definitions of history and society and the future.



Left painting by Dazha Petersen



Right painting by Samantha Rodriguez



# One Act Play

by Daniela Stansky

Cast

Pregnant Patient

Stuttering Patient

Doctor (Male)

Sneezing Patient

Limping Patient

Nurse/Receptionist

PROPS: Lab coat, stethoscope, nurse's cap, table and chair, crutch, sheet of paper, ball for maternal patient, wigs for nurse and maternal patient, standing screen

(A hospital setting, where the nurse is seated at the receptionist table when the doctor walks in)

NURSE:

Good morning, sir. How are you this beautiful morning?

DOCTOR:

Morning nurse. I am great, thank you. Um, why don't you send in my first patient?

(Doctor disappears behind the scene. Sneezing Patient comes to stage and straight to the nurse's station. He sneezes in the direction of the nurse, who quickly backs away and exaggerates wiping germs from her face.)

SNEEZING PATIENT:

My name is— (hatchew!)

NURSE:

I am sorry, but we do not have anyone by that name in our appointment list.

SNEEZING PATIENT:

No, no! I meant, my name is—(hatchew!)—Felix, and I think I have a—(hatchew!)—a cold.

NURSE:

(Irritably wipes the germs from her face again) I see. Kindly go on in.

(Sneezing Patient goes behind the scene into the doctor's office. Some noises can be heard after which the patient comes out smiling and seemingly cured.)

SNEEZING PATIENT:

I'm cured! Haha, I'm cured!

(Sneezing Patient then leaves the stage, and we can hear the doctor sneeze behind the scene. Peeks his head out and sneezes again.)

NURSE:

Oh Doctor, I hope you have not caught his cold.

DOCTOR:

So— (hatchew!)

(The Doctor disappears behind the scene again; Stuttering Patient enters the stage and goes straight to the nurse's station.)

STUTTERING PATIENT:

Hi. My n-n-n-name's ph-ph-Philip.

NURSE:

Okay, so what is the problem with you today, Philip?

STUTTERING PATIENT:

I-I-I got t-t-t-trouble s-s-speaking.

NURSE:

I can see that. Please go see the doctor.

(Stuttering Patient goes into the doctor's office. We hear a lot of noise and then comes to stage happy.)

STUTTERING PATIENT:

I'm cured! Thank goodness. I'm cured!

(Stuttering Patient leaves the stage and the doctor peeks from his office)

DOCTOR:

H-h-h-how many more d-d-do we have? (Hatchew!)

NURSE:

Two more, doctor.

DOCTOR:

Um-m, g-g-g—(hatchew)—great.

(Doctor disappears into his office and a limping patient comes in.)

LIMPING PATIENT:

May I see the doctor?

NURSE:

What's your name, sir?

LIMPING PATIENT:

Martin Sawyer Junior Smith.

NURSE:

Those are too many names.

(Pause)

Kindly go in.

(The patient disappears behind the scene, and we hear a lot of drilling noises then he comes out happy)



LIMPING PATIENT:  
I'm cured! I love this hospital. I'm cured!

DOCTOR:  
Who is the la-la-la—(hatcheew followed by limping)—last one?

NURSE: I will send her in.

(The doctor goes back to his office. A pregnant lady comes in and is ushered into his office. We do not hear any noise this time. Then, all of a sudden, the doctor comes out

sneezing, stuttering, and limping away as fast as he could, leaving the nurse in awe.)

DOCTOR:  
I-I-I-I q-q-q-q—(hatchew)—QUIT!

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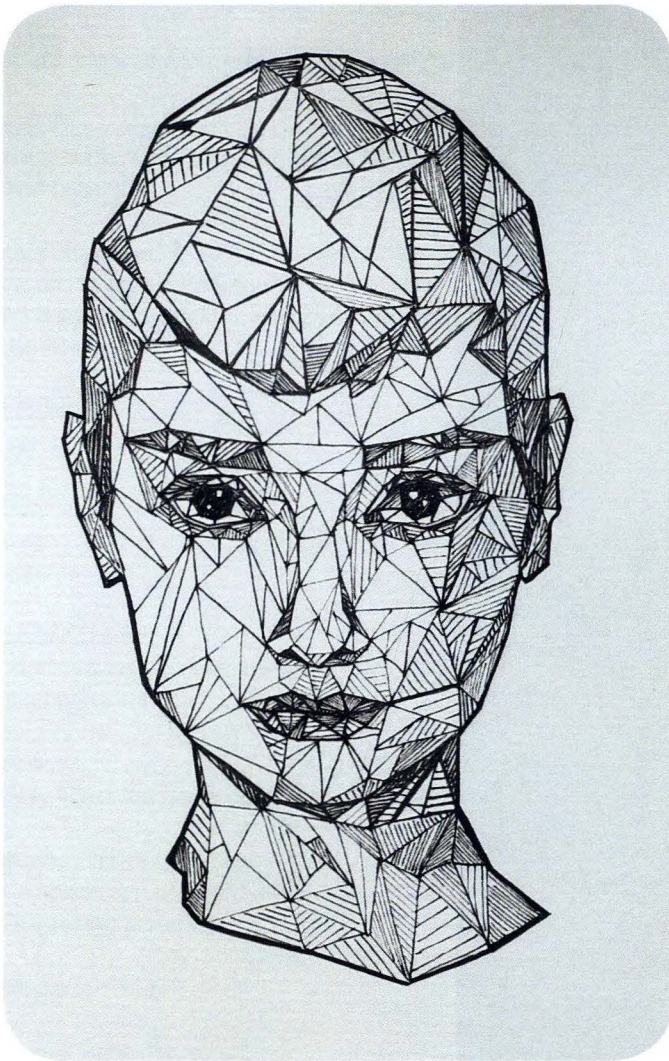
Image by Sharma Komal



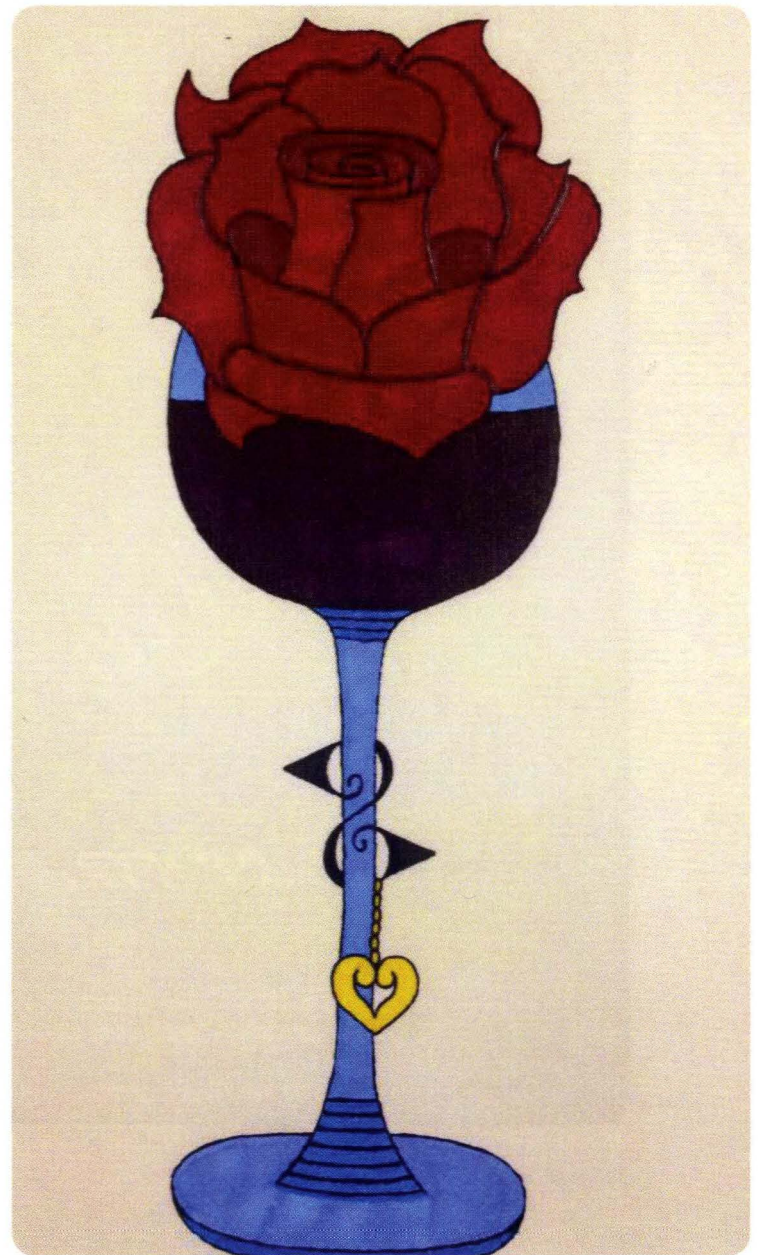
# The Legends That Be

by Jazznae S. Thomas (Braziel)

What if all the tales of myth and lore have always been true?  
But if only we collectively shared the eyes needed to see, I wonder how things would be.  
I have a multitude of reasons for me more than believing that we have been deceived.  
Only, no one cares to know, therefore we are slow to grow.  
What if everything you have been taught was the truth tangled in chicanery?  
Do you think you are strong enough to lay your ego and contentment aside?  
Could it be that maybe mythology is the truth they hide?  
What lurks in the shadows is actually right in front of your eyes.  
We all have different religions; we all have different beliefs.  
Yet even those doctrines embody a magic that we refuse to see.  
As time ticks and this saga reveals what legends have said to be,  
I pray that we be heroic, that we grow to know it; together, we are complete.



Left drawing by Zhanna Abdrakhmanova  
Right image by Alessandro Rosa  
Opposite photo by Nikhil Verma









# Shelf Life (2)

by Jordan Chussler

They pulled into the last gas station for twenty miles, with two pumps in the center of an unpaved parking lot. The store's windows, like those of the neighboring A-1 Authentic Chinese Restaurant, were protected by bars. Funny, Tobin thought to himself, that even farmers get a hankering for adulterated Chinese takeout from time to time. The universality of General Tso persisted.

Tobin hopped out of the truck and followed the pastor inside, wanting to take advantage of the brief stop to quench his thirst. A rusty bell rattled as he opened the door to the convenience store, and he was immediately struck in the face with stagnant and musty air. The interior had a dusty haze to it, as if the parking lot's grime had made its way inside. It settled on every surface, from the counter to the soda machine and the ATM advertising transactions at just \$2.50 per.

The aisles were lined with post-expiration cans of mechanically prepared pasta and Vienna sausage, and the trails embedded in the soot between the processed foods hinted at a likely infestation. It was the kind of establishment where, after hours, vermin ran amok with *carte blanche*, depositing excrement at will before scurrying away at daybreak, taking solace behind stacks of coffee cups and napkin dispensers. The air conditioner desperately clung to the window, looking like it had been out of commission since the first Bush administration, and the box fan perched atop a display of antiquated beef jerky looked like it achieved little else besides coating passers-by in a warm swath of dusty, indoor air contaminants.

Tobin jerked open a cooler door, momentarily basking in the blast originating from within. He picked up two sports drinks—one blue and one red—quickly reading their labels in hopes of avoiding brominated vegetable oil, then grabbed a six-pack of beer ignoring its carcinogenic caramel coloring, and made his way to the checkout counter. En route, he noticed that the place was teeming with lunch-hour farmhands. Each aisle was filled with stout, sun-cooked migrants whose soiled brows and dirt-filled fingernails reflected the intensely laborious nature of handpicking America's produce. Exhaust emanated from each of them as Tobin scrutinized their faces from a good foot above. Their fatigued eyes failed to once meet his as they trudged toward the checkout, shuffling the dirt-laden soles of their boots along the linoleum floor before taking on the second half of their daily fieldwork toil.

The men, like Tobin, each had a six-pack in their possession, destined for a portable cooler where, in four more long hours, it would be a much-welcomed libation at quitting time. A cold beer after a long day in the fields was, to the chronically uninsured, the second-best remedy for pesticide poisoning after obediently 'rubbing some dirt on it.'

The women, hauling plastic bags filled with generic soda bottles and butane derivative-laced potato chips, moved just as silently as their male counterparts, too timid to look up, left, or right. Each of their faces were fraught with trepidation as if any of them could have been one of the hundred thousand female harvesters raped each year picking and packing their insulated countrymen's fruit and veggies. Working daily with glyphosate herbicides paled in comparison to the threat of deportation that accompanied the filing of allegations. The oversight of every vegetarian claiming to forgo meat because of the inherently inhumane nature of feedlots and factory farms: Down with gestation crates, up with sexual assault!

The pastor gave the cashier a twenty and left to pump gas. The men in line before Tobin, meanwhile, counted pennies and nickels, similar to the compensation they received for every overflowing bushel they handpicked in order for the rest of the nation to enjoy dollar per pound, flavorless Roma tomatoes. Over a century after emancipation, slave labor—which once required ownership of human capital—was alive and well, available in hordes of low-wage employment-seekers.

Tobin placed his drinks on the counter and remembered Nancy had asked him that morning to pick up a can of cat food for her diabetic feline. He strolled down the first aisle and grabbed several cans and a bag of kibble, returning to the register with the items.

"Dinner and drinks. Spoiled cat," the cashier joked.

"Actually," Tobin said wryly. "The cat food's for me. Beer's for the cat."

The cashier awkwardly chuckled, handed Tobin a receipt, bagged his purchases, and slid them across the counter. Tobin grabbed the bag and walked outside, where a foreman was enthusiastically regaling a handful of others about his tryst the night prior with the new Honduran girl.

Opposite photo by Paola Banos









APRIL 27, 2018

**5:30 P.M.**

CELEBRATION CIRCLE  
CELEBRATION UNPLUGGED  
CELEBRATION GALLERY  
FEATURING THE SENIOR ART SHOWCASE

**7:30 P.M.**

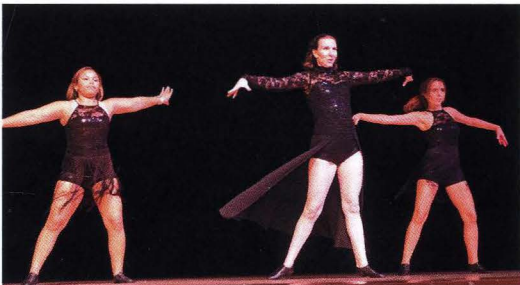
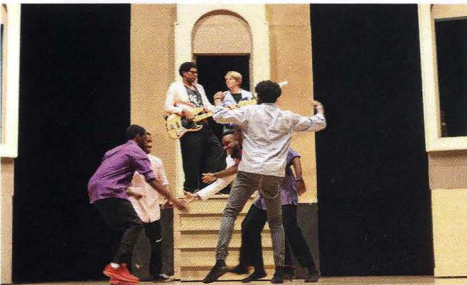
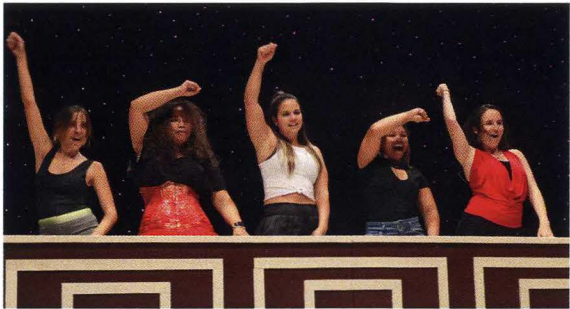
CELEBRATION 2018

**9:30 P.M.**

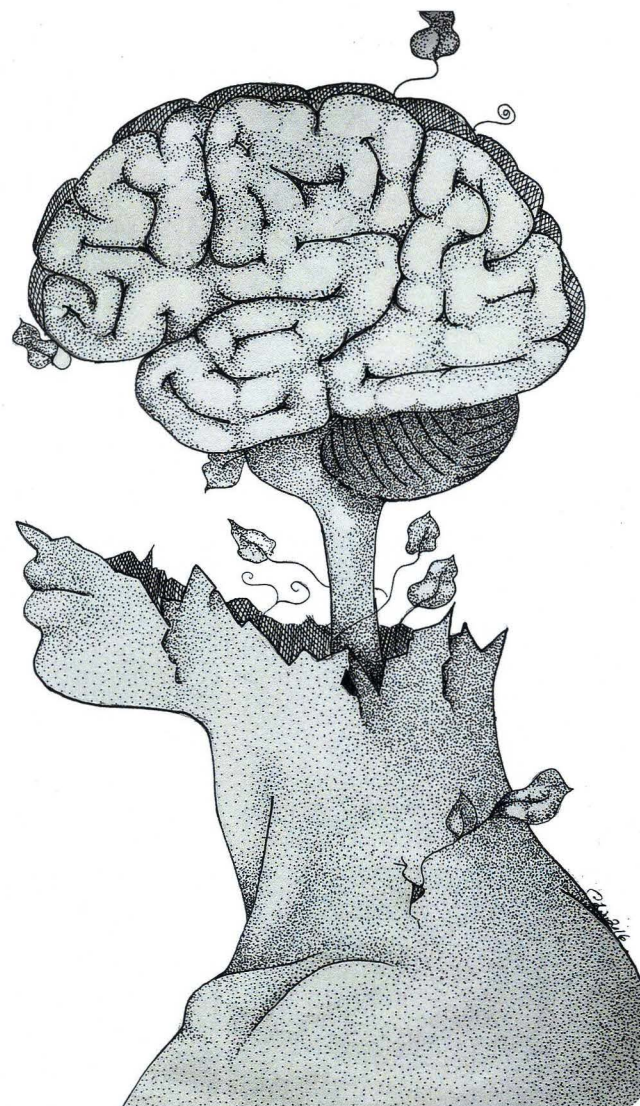
CELEBRATION AFTER DARK  
FEATURING WOLFPAWK

Above poster by Andy Hirst  
Opposite photos by Denise Belafonte



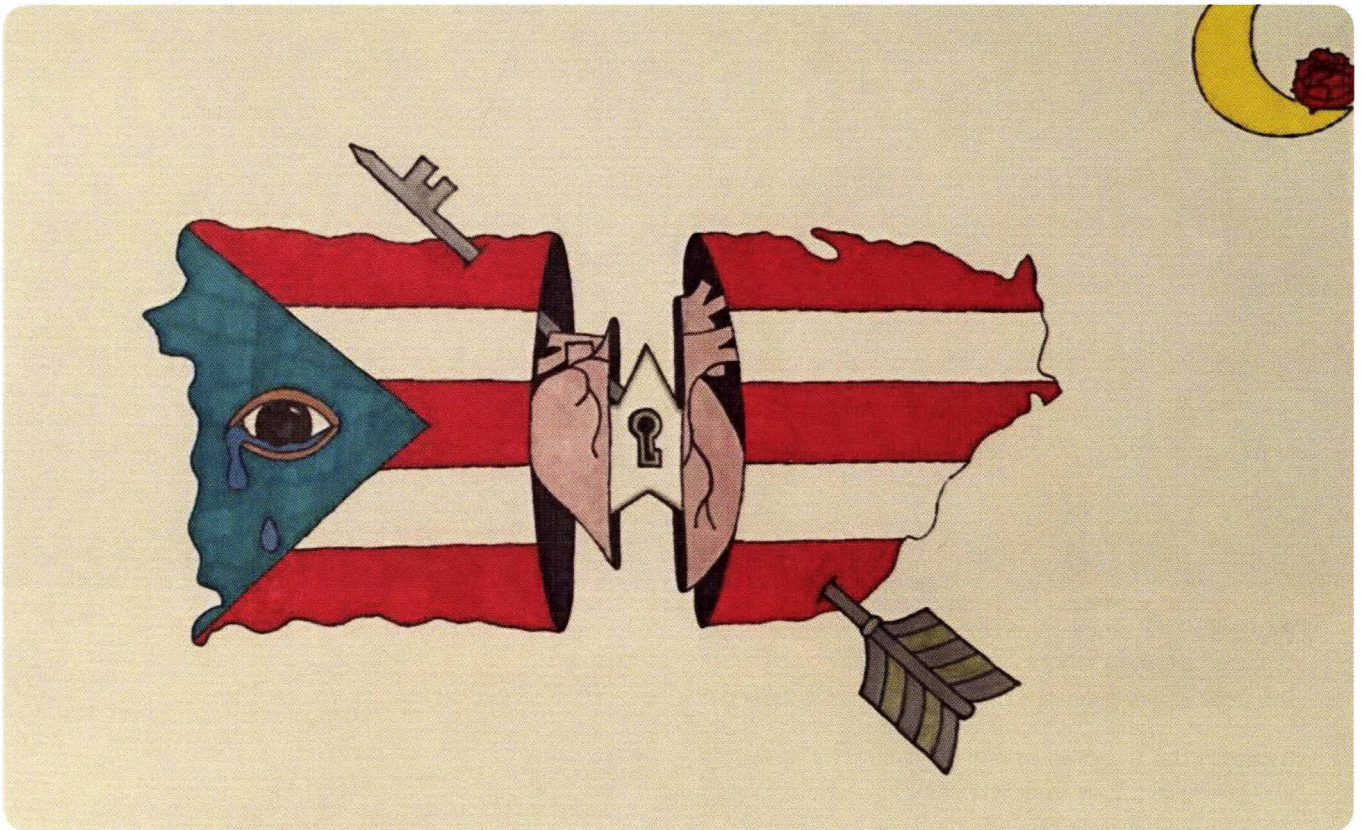






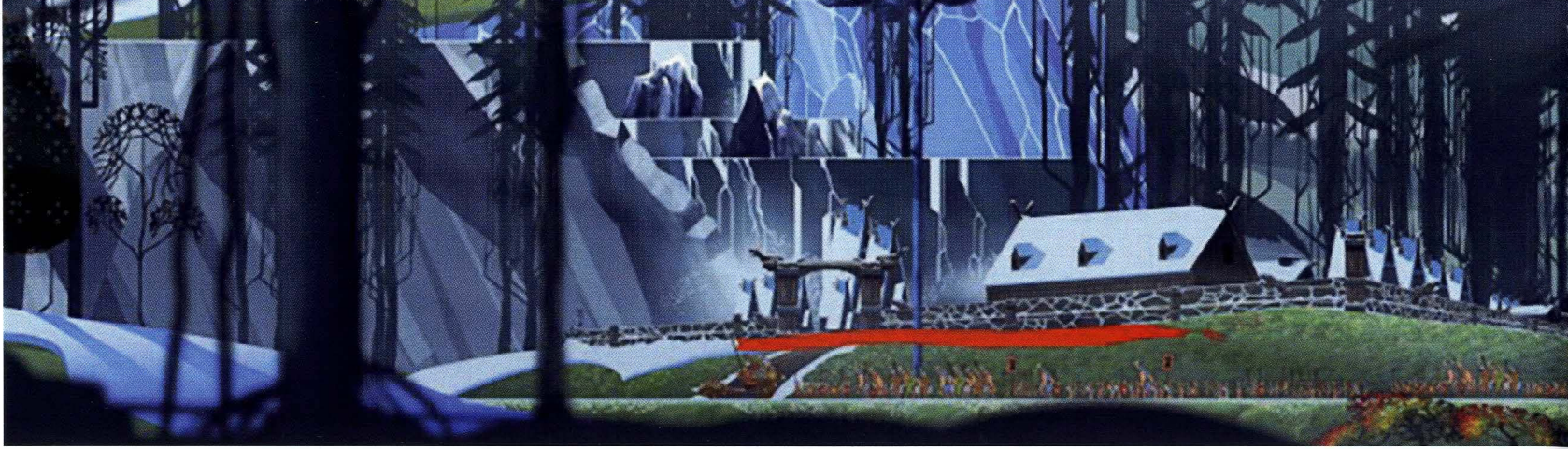
Top left photo by Harika Rao  
Top right image by Olivia Morris  
Above photo by Harika Rao





Top photo by Youssef El Salamouny  
Bottom image by Alessandra Rosa





## You Are What You Everything

by Jeff Morgan

I am my wife.  
We have exchanged so many cells  
that people say we look alike.  
People often say our son looks like his mother, or father, or both.  
One time when our family went to buy a Christmas tree,  
the worker said, "You three look the same."

But, I am also exchanging cells with other people around me.  
The cells simply fly off people like pet dander,  
I have to be careful not to spend too much time around people I don't want to become.

And, what about the other living things around me?  
We have a lot of lizards in our yard, spiders, too.  
There's an iguana that likes to shit by our pool,  
feral cats chasing birds by our bird feeder,  
and squirrels gnawing on palm nuts.  
The mosquitos probably carry off the plan best of all.

Prickly pear is everywhere around our home,  
along with purple queens, oyster plants, maui ixora, and plumbago.

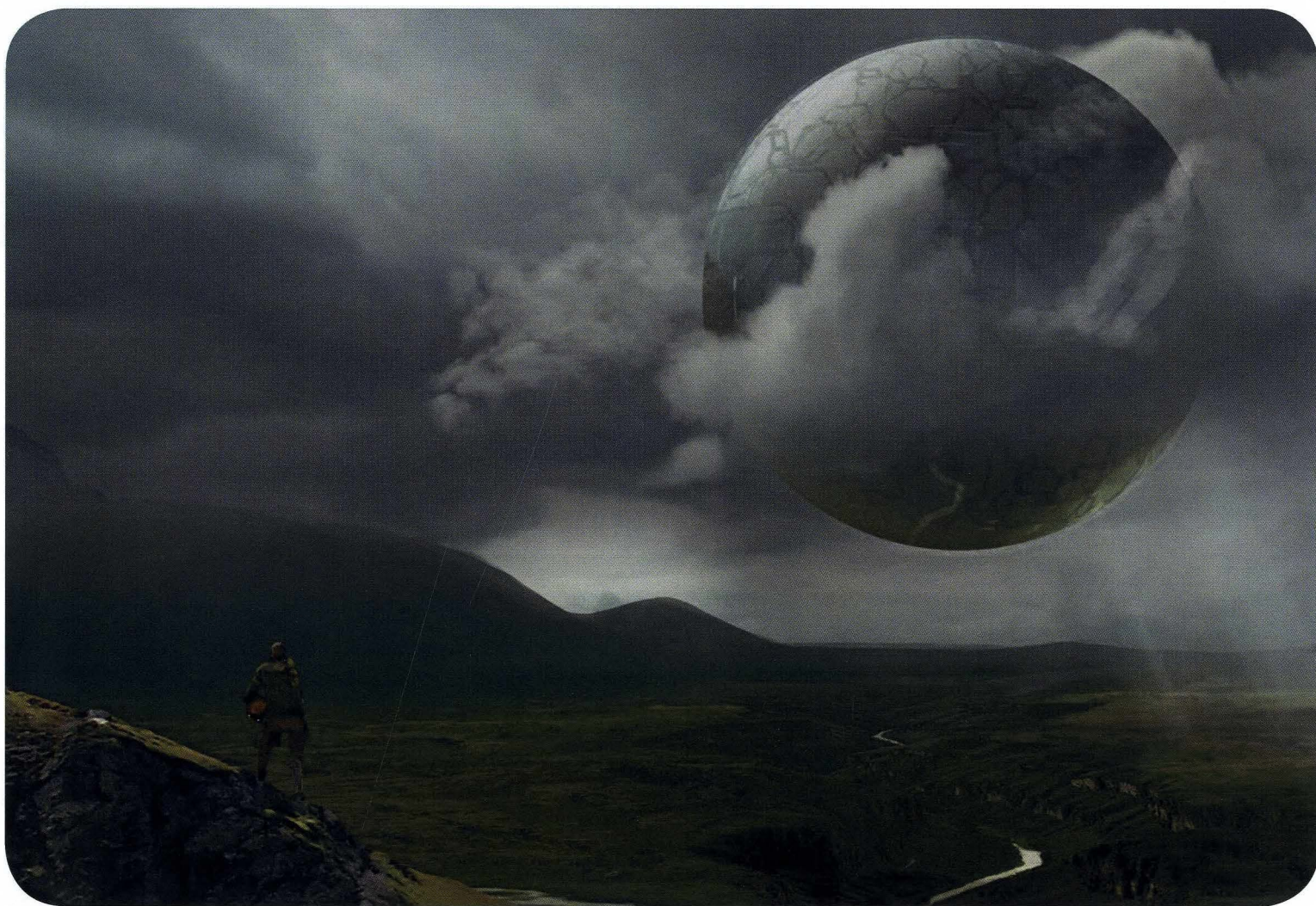
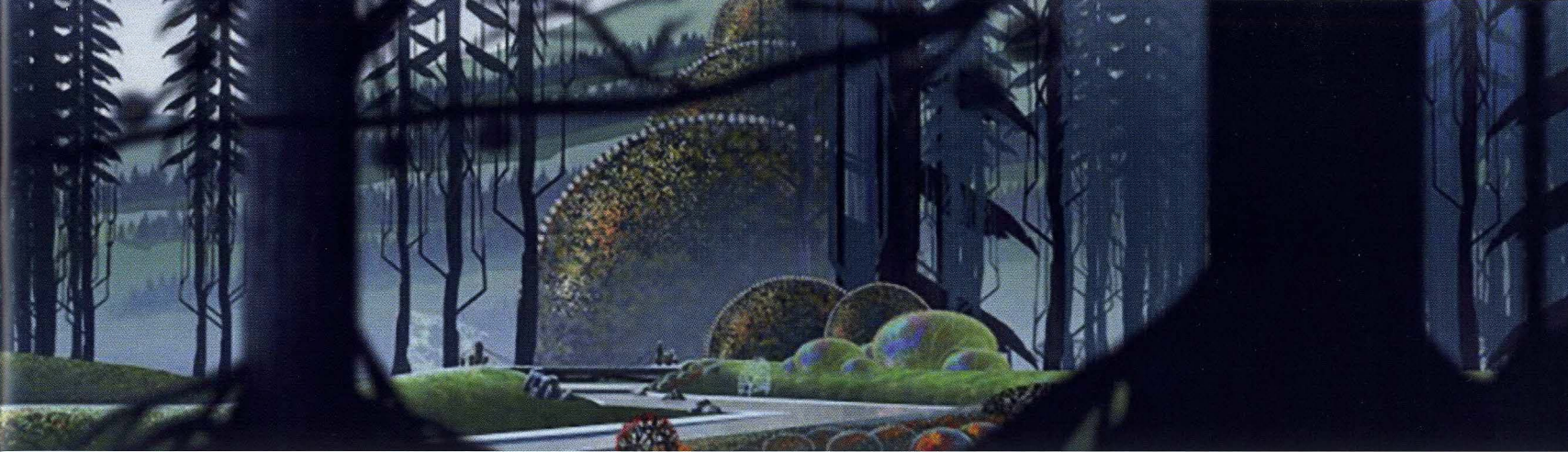
Maybe my face will show up in a hibiscus bloom  
or on the neck of an egret.  
Is that my face I see at the big bang?

Certain science fiction films from the fifties scare me,  
particularly the ones in which everyone ends up wearing the gray jumpsuit in a barren land.  
Even their food looked the same.

And there's the problem with the melting pot.  
We need a tossed salad,  
but every tossed salad is destined to become a melting pot.

It's hard to be an individual who is ingesting by choice  
and having all this life landing on him.  
I see my mark everywhere I go.





Top image by Dave Baer  
Bottom image by Dave Baer



# Untitled

by Eric Vrendenburgh

Red leaves graze the sky,  
Falling freely on the dew,  
Nature is a wonder

Nature



# The Listener

by V.E. Hunt

Maggie Treadway was the sort of person strangers of all ages and walks of life opened up to. They'd pull up a chair, fall into a conversation with her, and within minutes, confess their deepest secrets. There was the male nurse, who during a brief hospital stay of Maggie's, confided his polygamy and gambling addictions. The clerk at her dry cleaner, who revealed her kleptomania of customers' clothing (Maggie never went back). The plumber who divulged he moonlighted as a drag queen (Maggie lent him her feather boa). The parade of talkers and tales never seemed to end. It wasn't that Maggie was a good listener (in truth, she'd find herself drifting away on her own thoughts as folks rambled on), but something about her made everyone feel comfortable, too comfortable, and confide anything to her. Most likely, it was a combination of Maggie's soft traits: her melodious voice, her lush brown eyes, her kind, oval face and slightly plump frame. Her presence was as comfortable as a faded, overstuffed chair, where you could linger for too long. Maggie had plenty of time to spend as she liked. She was a widow who lived comfortably. She never rushed. She ambled through her days, gliding from activity to activity—whether it was shopping, wandering the library's aisles, or taking long walks. She did not like to plan or schedule. So, when someone crossed her path and had time to talk, she stopped and "listened."

For the most part, these were one-way conversations. As Maggie's mind wandered about where she would wander next, she'd occasionally nod and murmur a reassuring word or two: "Ummm," "Really?" or "Oh, my!"

Once these encounters passed, the talkers would walk away feeling renewed hope and immense relief, as though an enormous burden had been lifted from their shoulders. For Maggie, their stories were lost like the morning's dew, until one sweltering July day. Maggie had decided to stroll down to the post office to pick up a package. On the way back home, she stopped in the park and plopped down on a bench beneath a massive oak. She examined the small, neatly wrapped package; her niece had sent it. Such a sweet child to remember my birthday. Too bad her mother never keeps in touch. Maggie glanced down at her nails. That cheap polish wasn't worth the time she put into her manicure. Why don't I just part with the money and have my nails professionally done, she thought. Oh, no, that would never work: That floozy of a manicurist would talk my ear off. People are so distracting. Now, what else will I do this afternoon? "Do you mind if I share this bench with you?"

Maggie awoke from her thoughts to see a handsome man in his mid-30s with thick, dark, curly hair standing before her. He was fit and handsome in his royal blue polo shirt and khaki

shorts. Maggie usually was oblivious to the opposite sex, but this man had a kind of charisma. He could have been a politician, a brilliant young CEO, a military hero. For the first time in ages, someone had Maggie's attention.

"Not at all. Please do," she said, giving the bench a little pat of invitation.

"It's so hot today," he said, as he eased down, leaving a polite distance between them.

Maggie noticed that his bright blue eyes were tinged with fatigue—or worry. "The heat can take a lot out of you," she said.

"Yeah. I'm wiped out. You got a present today?" he asked, motioning at her package.

"From my niece. She's a sweetheart. Always remembers my birthday."

"It's nice to have people like that in your life," he said, choking the last word out.

Maggie looked up, and he pressed his fingers to his brow and shook his head. "I guess the heat has gotten to me. Sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about."

"Oh, I have plenty to be sorry about."

Maggie knew she was at the 'launching off place' where a talker would roll into a tale. This time, though, she wanted to hear the story, and from her considerable experience, she knew to wait quietly. A minute passed, filled only with the sound of a dove overhead.

"I've lost the love of my life," the handsome stranger finally said, raking a hand through his hair. "I'd give anything to have her back, but she's gone forever."

"Oh, I am sorry," Maggie said.

"Thank you, but I don't deserve even to hear that." He looked into the distance and bent his head down as he rested his elbows on his tanned thighs.

My, this man is so good-looking, like movie stars used to be, Maggie thought. Oh, if I were younger.

"I was so jealous, and I was wrong," he continued. "Jennifer never would have cheated on me, but I was so crazy in love, I thought every man felt the same way I did."

"Other people have felt that way."

"Oh, not like I did! She just couldn't cope with my suspicions. She just wanted to get away, and I wouldn't let her."

Maggie felt her spine stiffen. Suddenly, this man's strong build and chiseled good looks grew ominous. She wanted to flee, but, like in a bad dream, her legs were useless, like two planks of wood.

"You probably think I'm a monster," he said, his eyes glinting with hostility.

"Nnno," Maggie stammered, panic creeping into her usually calm voice. "A person can only handle so much."



The man glared at her and snapped, "I was just at my breaking point, that's all! How much can a person take? I did as much as I could, working—and of course, I had to travel too damned much." His voice grew louder and more rapid. "All to keep her comfortable, to give her the things she wanted—and oh, did she want!"

Maggie glanced around frantically, but no one was in sight. Her only weapon was the small, virtually weightless package. He raged on, "Only the finest would do for her—the luxury car, the designer clothes! Hell, even the designer water. I never grew up like that."

That's it. I've got to get out of here, Maggie thought. She managed to stand.

"Goodbye. I've got to get back to my family now," she lied.

Nothing and no one was waiting for her at her home.

He grabbed her arm. "No! You'll listen, dammit. I'm tired of women trying to walk out on me. Who do you think you are?"

And then the blows came, hard slaps to each side of her face. Mercifully and inexplicably, he stopped and fled.

Maggie lay on the ground, quietly assessing her condition. Ok, I'm breathing. She lifted a hand to her face, still stinging with pain. No blood. She slowly moved her arms and legs. Nothing is broken. Slowly, she sat up and simply waited. It was so quiet, so peaceful.

Finally, a young woman rushed up to her and cried out, bringing her hand to her mouth, but Maggie couldn't hear her. And Maggie couldn't hear anyone or anything else during the ambulance ride to the emergency room.

The doctor determined that Maggie's eardrums had been ruptured in the attack. He wrote out his findings for Maggie to read and braced himself for the inevitable tears.

To his great surprise, Maggie looked up at him, her eyes filled with gratitude. No more talkers.



Left photo by Darren Allen  
Opposite image by Olivia Morris









Above photo by Darren Allen

Top right photo by Stephanie Canonica

Center photo by Paige Stegeman

Bottom right photo by Youssef El Salamouny

Bottom left photo by Darren Allen



# A Squirrel

by Bailey-Michelle Collins

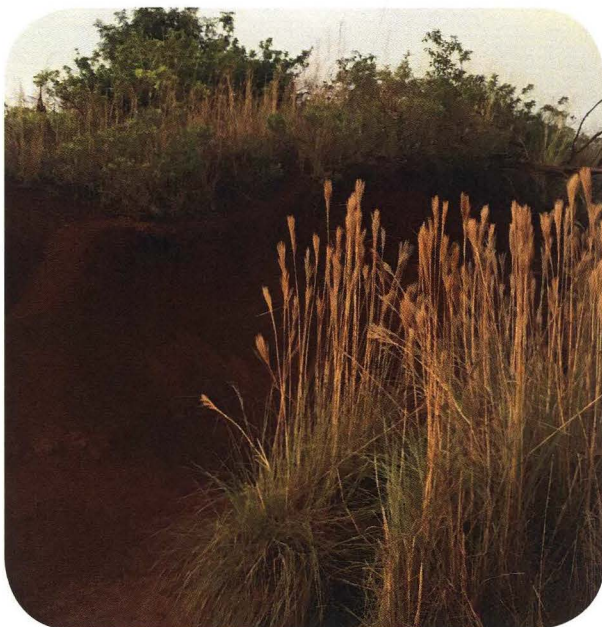
I saw a squeaking squirrel,  
a squirrel with squeaking squeals.  
I wished to view him closer,  
but he took off on his heels.  
They always seem so jittery,  
those flitting, biting things,  
and, yet, they seem so glittery  
when they take off as with wings.  
I'm content just to see him,  
admire leap and bend.  
He's content just to be him;  
Oh, would he view one as me  
an earnest, worthy friend!



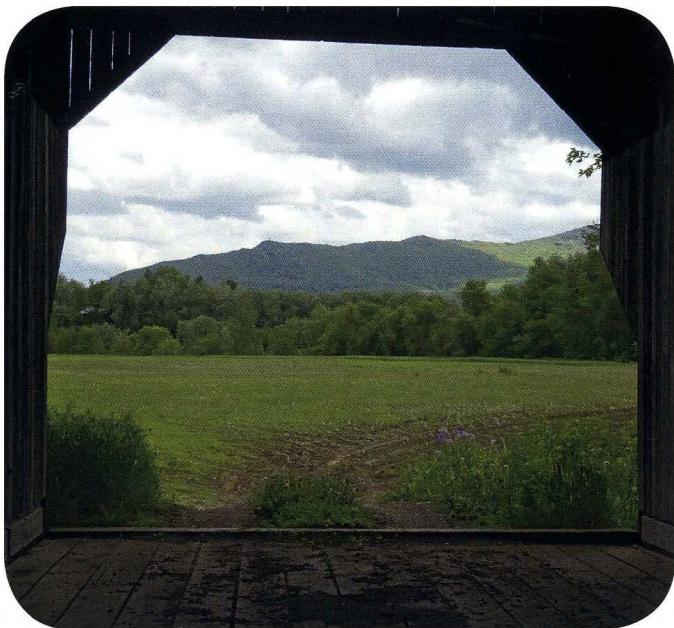
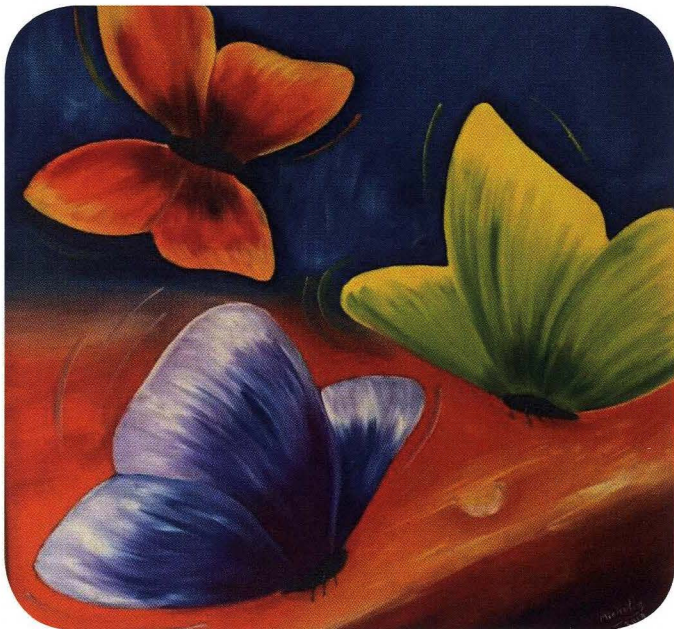
# Sea

by Andrew Leonard

The wonder of thy Earth,  
Greatest mystery unsolved,  
Expansive as hearts reach each other's souls,  
Understanding your beauty and amazement,  
Eyes of true people can understand that beauty,  
Their souls can reveal so much to the unknown.  
Like the galaxy unexplored yet we dare to change,  
To see the heart and growth of it,  
Fall in its abyss of uniqueness,  
Ponder what it looks with the purity of eyes,  
Grasp just how natural it is....







Top left painting by Samantha Rodriguez  
 Top right photo by Paola Banos  
 Bottom left photo by Stephanie Canonica  
 Bottom right photo by Youssef El Salamouny



# Toad Nocturne

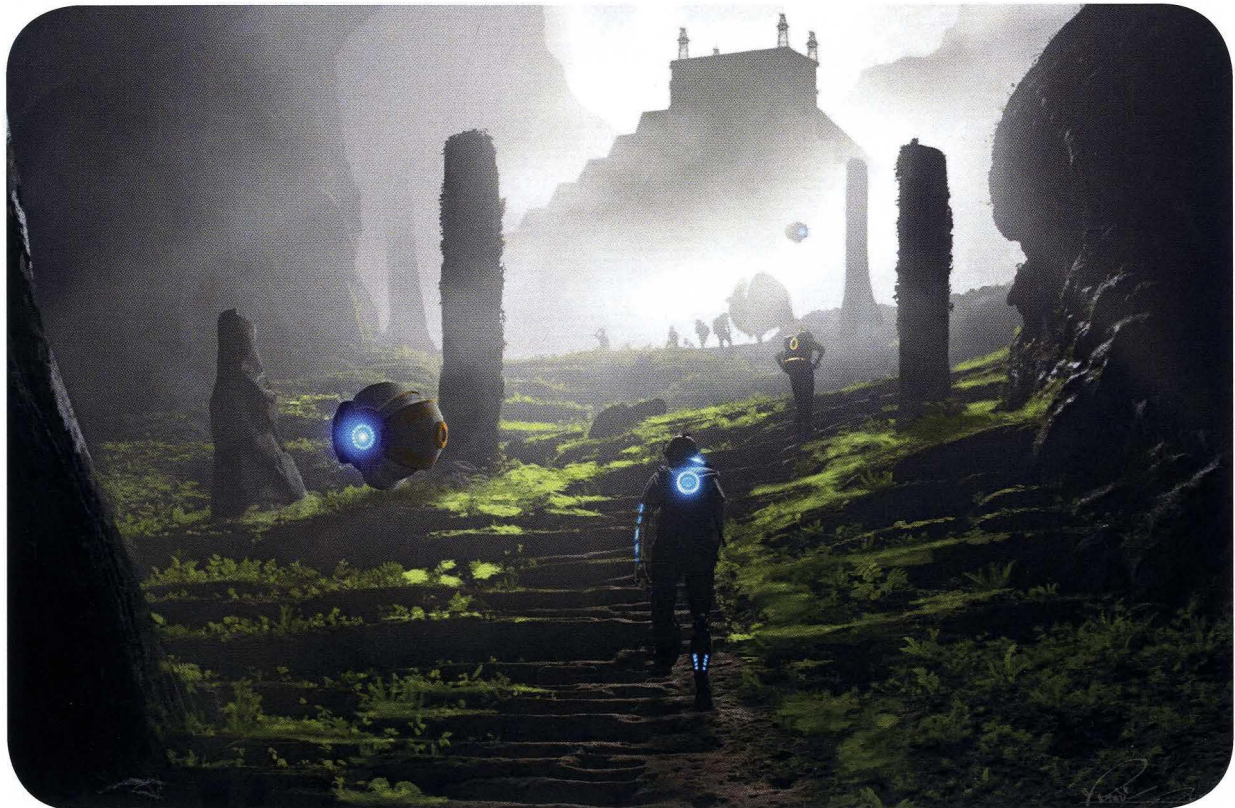
by Tom Ferstle

Last night, I sat by the dark pond listening  
To the croak of a huge round black toad  
Across water glistening in star light  
An offertory hymn, a petition, a celebration.

The ragged noise disturbed my thoughts  
The shape of the line I'd just composed was lost  
The poem's sweet tone soured by the toad's song  
I cried out be quiet toad I'm writing

When a second toad's voice seemed to reply  
The huge toad plopped into the black watery sky  
Venus rose and fell, Orion's bow moved in the wake  
The seven sisters danced happily for a moment

And, I was alone in the silent dark night  
The stars on the pond regained their familiar sight  
I whispered, I'm sorry-please keep singing, please  
An offertory hymn, a petition, a celebration.



Above image by Dave Baer

Top right image by Olivia Morris









Top image by Dave Baer  
Bottom image by Dave Baer

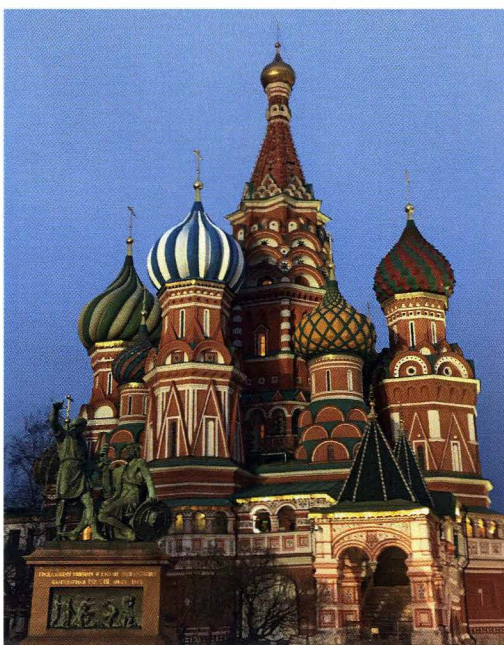
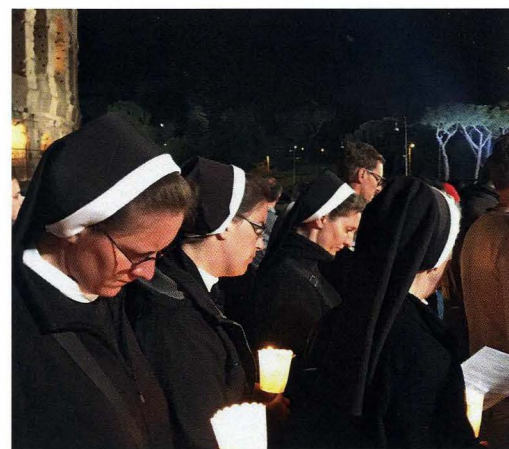
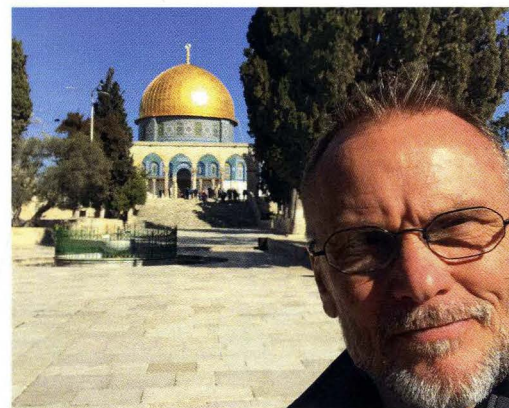
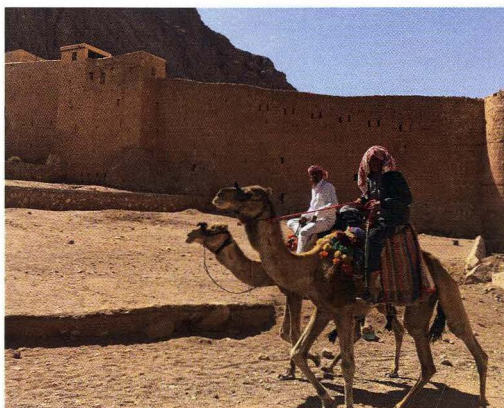
Opposite photo by Matthew Fulcher



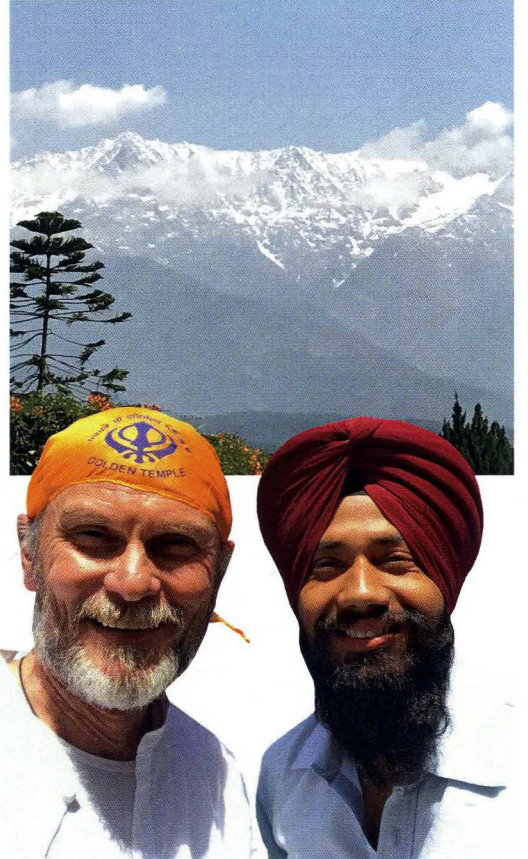
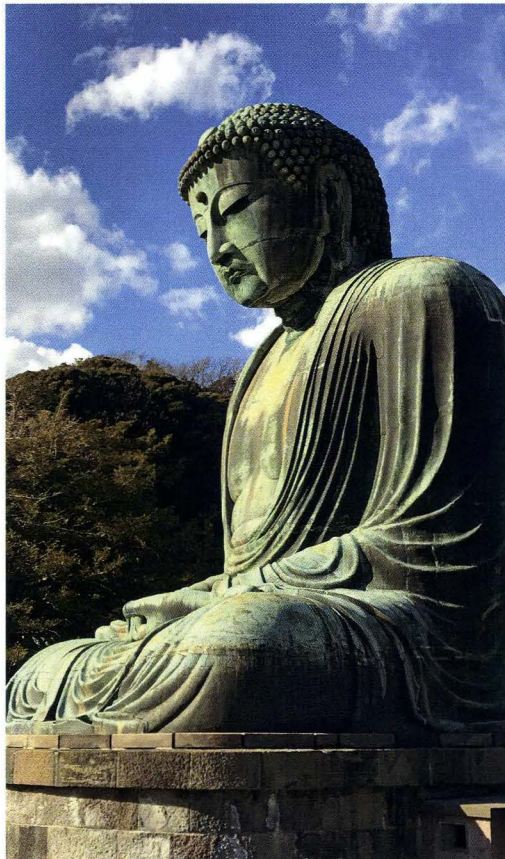
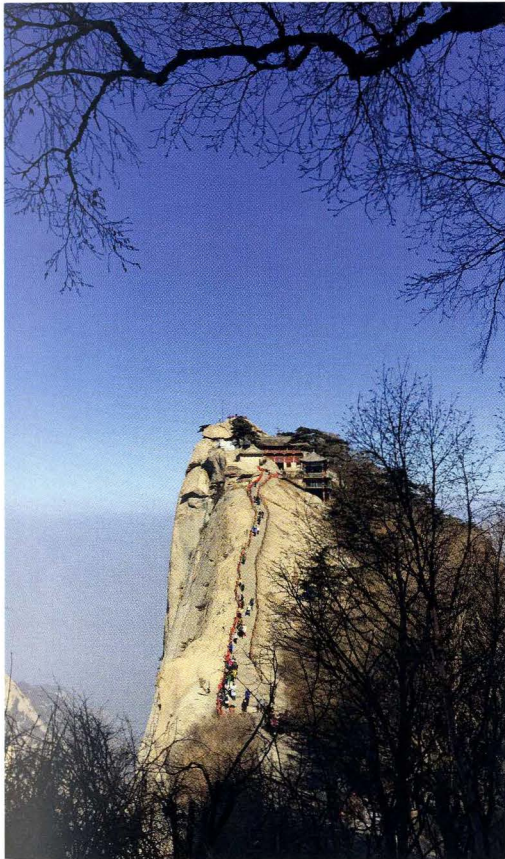
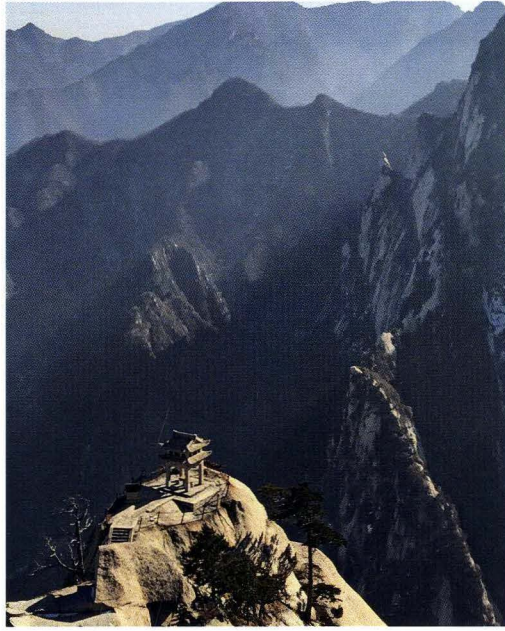
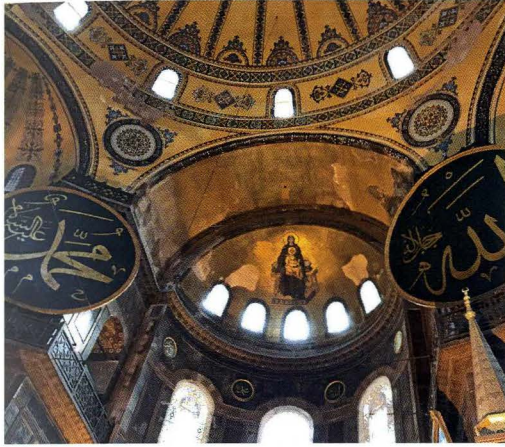
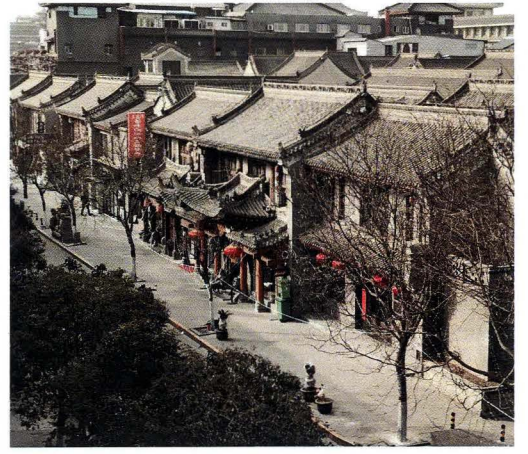
# Pathways to Peace: A Spiritual Journey into a World Beyond Religious Conflict

with Dr. Mark Luttio

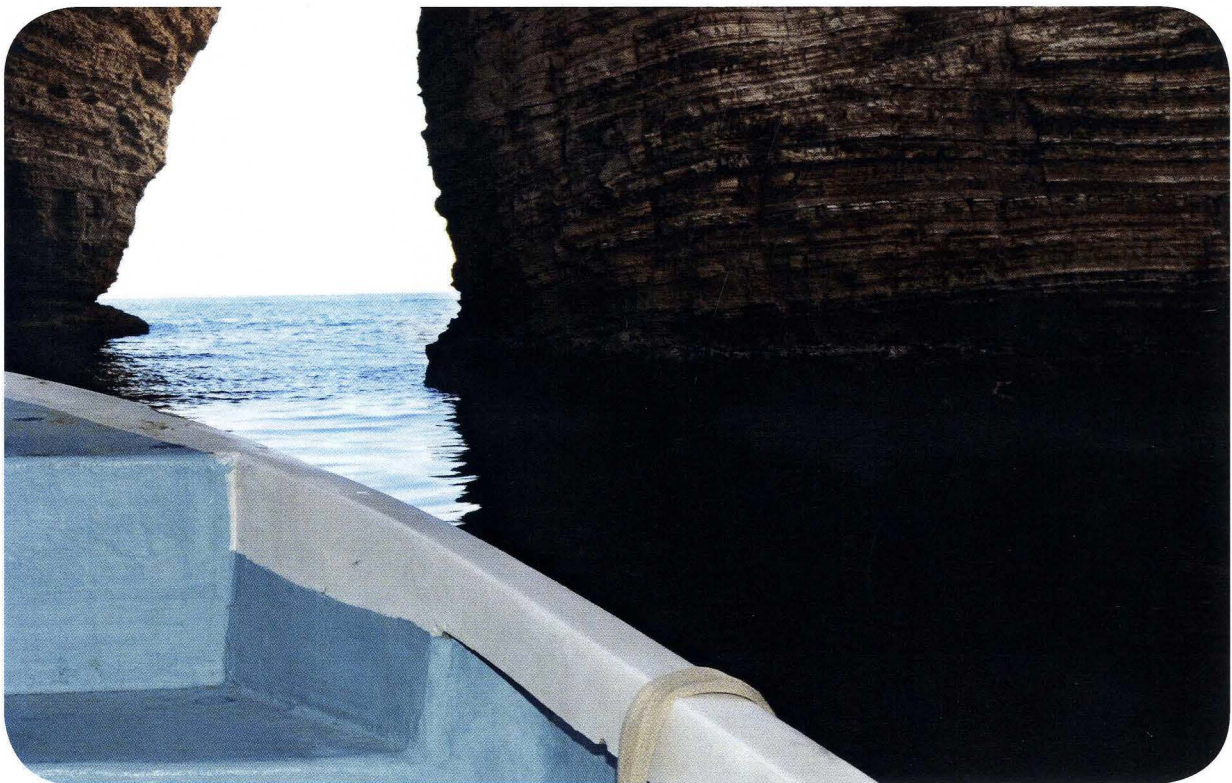
In the spring of 2017, Dr. Luttio, a professor of religion and philosophy at Lynn University, received the Kathleen Cheek-Milby Fellowship to "research the causes of religious conflict and discover paradigms for building peace." More specifically, he was tasked with researching and examining how religion might serve as a bridge to global understanding and create strategies that might be employed to bring religious tolerance and understanding in the midst of the world's diversity, rather than barriers of hatred and violence, as so often is the case. These images reflect the eight months he lived in the key religious epicenters of the world (spanning the Middle East, India, Russia, and other parts of Asia and Europe), wherein he discovered that "[w]e all want the same thing in life: meaning, purpose, identity, and community."











Top photo by Paolo Banos  
Bottom photo by Youssef El Slamouny  
Opposite drawing by Zhanna Abdrakhmanova

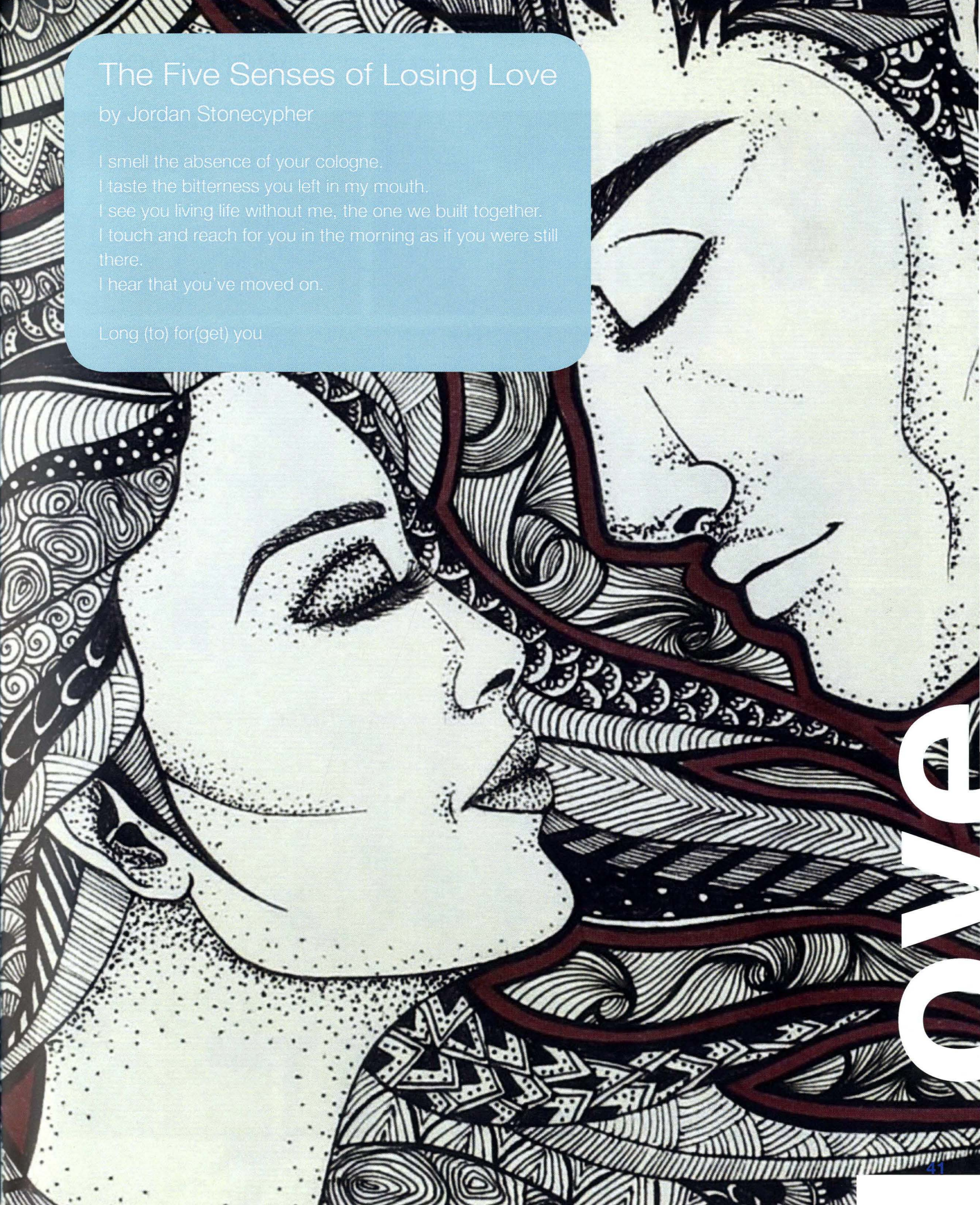


# The Five Senses of Losing Love

by Jordan Stonecypher

I smell the absence of your cologne.  
I taste the bitterness you left in my mouth.  
I see you living life without me, the one we built together.  
I touch and reach for you in the morning as if you were still there.  
I hear that you've moved on.

Long (to) for(get) you



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K  
C



# Reunion

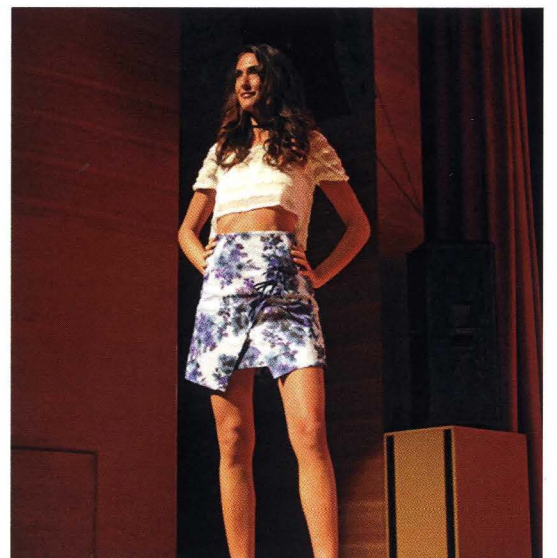
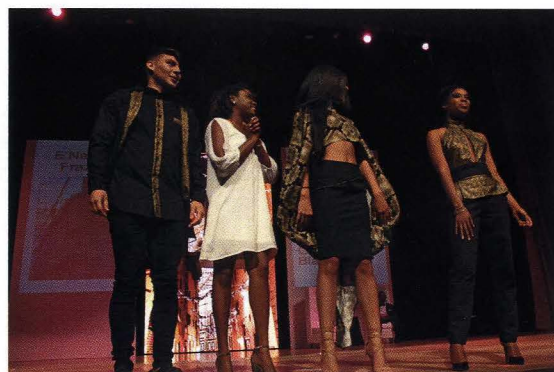
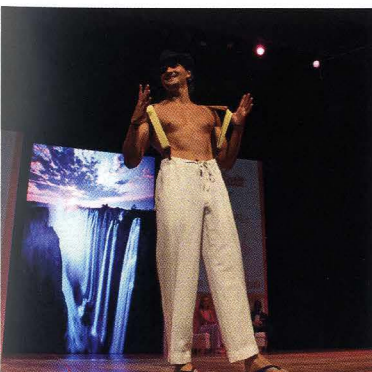
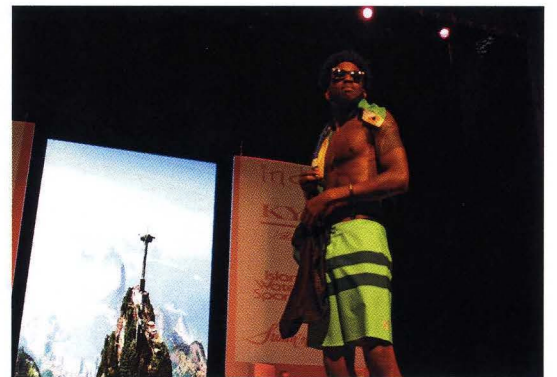
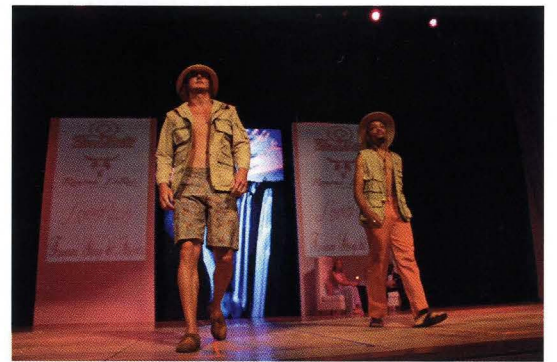
by Paula Hyman

As he walks through the door  
My heart pounds heavily in my chest.  
I run to him and wrap my arms around him. Take in his warmth.  
He is back.  
Many miles, bright blue oceans and hot summer days kept us apart.  
He shared his gift with many, only to come home to give his self to the ones he loves.  
Husband and father reunited with wife and daughter.  
Our home is whole again.



Above image by Jean Tomasalo  
Opposite photos by Denise Belafonte







# Blue Blood Rules

[script]

by Eric George

1 EXT. CLYDE MANSION - DAY

AMASIS is standing by the garden overhang of his palatial home. He's one of two people that bailed out of the world when the economic world collapse occurred back in 2113. He's in his mid 60s with salt and pepper hair and beard. He wears a Panama hat at all times. He's of average height and mid built, he keeps in good shape. REX joins his father in the overhang. He's Amasis' only son. He's in his mid 30s, tall, short cut black hair, with a well-groomed five o'clock shadow on his face. He's next in line to take over the family business. Multiple round tables are placed around the garden. White silky linen covers each table. Enormous centerpieces with diamond-like rocks and stone can be seen shining from each table. Guests are walking around the garden, some are holding a drink, others are engaged in conversation. The mood is festive, smiles can be found on all the guests. Big pine trees surround the garden with a water fountain in the middle providing white noise for the guest. Amasis and Rex can be seen walking towards the top of the stairs leading to the main house; they are about to make an announcement to those in attendance.

AMASIS

Hello, hello, welcome everyone! I'm so glad everyone is here sharing this special occasion with my family and me. My son, Rex, is about to take a very big step—he's not taking over Clyde Innovations and Investments, I'm still healthy and enjoy running my company, but his time will come. For now, I want him to share his big announcement.

REX

Thank you, father. I appreciate your support and for providing your wing of the state for us to share this moment. I want to bring up Miss Elizabeth Gates to come join me.

ELIZABETH (30's, gorgeous) gets up from one of the main tables that faces the entire garden. She walks up the steps in the direction of Rex.

REX

Come up, babe, come join me. I am eager to share the news

Elizabeth joins Rex and they hold hands. They are standing on

the very last top step and stairway facing all attendees. The garden is filled with the guests. They have stopped talking and are waiting for the announcement. The water fountain is the only thing that can be heard.

REX

Ladies and gentlemen, family and friends, thank you again for being here tonight. I want to take the opportunity to thank the Gates family for being here as well. Tonight, two families come together, I've proposed to Elizabeth and she accepted to marry me. We want to share the news with you and the world.

Rex leans over and gives Elizabeth a very long passionate kiss. The crowd erupts in applause.

AMASIS

Everyone, please raise your glasses. Cheers! This is a celebration. My only son is getting married. Let's celebrate!

After the announcement, Amasis can be seen in his study speaking to his doctor via a hologram.

2 INT. AMASIS HOME STUDY - DAY

The study has dark wood laminate walls, with wooden beams coming down from above. The church-style architecture leads to four huge cathedral windows that allow sunlight to penetrate, providing a celestial type backdrop to the conversation taking place between Amasis and his doctor.

AMASIS

I need to make my wife aware, doc. This took a turn for the worst. I've been following treatments and therapy sessions; she was optimistic I would beat this. Are you saying that this parasite that you have not seen in over 500 years of medicine or more has now spread to my organs?

DOCTOR

Yes, Amasis. As your friend first and doctor, I would suggest getting your house in order and brace for the worst.

Amasis is caught deep in thought. He stares at the center window looking up at the sky, crosses his arms and sheds a single tear. Amasis walks out of the study and heads over to the TELETRANSPORTER room. He contacted Rex and asked him to meet him in his office.



Amasis arrives first and takes a seat. Rex shortly arrives. The room is completely glass with a large square glass table in the middle. Brown leather chairs appear to be in levitation surround the table. Amasis presses a button and the room is blacked out and no one can see inside.

REX

Hey, Pops, you seem disturbed by something. Not the same look you had at the party last night.

AMASIS

Sit down, Rex, my son.

Rex takes a seat next to his father. Under normal circumstances, he would sit opposite of Amasis.

AMASIS

Son, only two companies remain after the world economic collapse from 2113. We both have been able to maintain control and have remained prosperous. Your friend Connor has been able to grow and run his father's company after he passed. I need you to start preparing yourself to be like Connor.

REX

Not following here, Pops. Connor is my best friend. Are you asking me to go work with him?

AMASIS

No, son, I'm asking you to prepare yourself mentally and emotionally to run this empire one day.

Rex stands from his chair and walks over to his dad and takes one knee. He suspects that the next few words shared are going to change his future.

REX

Did the World Court order you do step down?

AMASIS

No, son, the World Court will need to recognize you as the owner of this company once I'm gone. Here's the irony, son.

We control 50% of the world economy. We have access to the best doctors, medicine, and treatments, but sometimes that's not enough. It appears that my body produced an internal parasite that doctors have not been able to find a cure for. The parasite has spawned and now it lives in my internal organs. I don't have much time.

REX

Pops, how could this be? How could the doctors not find a cure? We have every machine ever created in our labs. How can they let you die like that?

AMASIS

Rex, we have to accept our fate, and in this case, the irony. We need to get you ready. Let's move your wedding up and get you ready.

Rex is left speechless and in deep thought. He's now pacing while he is framing his expression. He appears to be overwhelmed by the news. Amasis, seeing his son's reaction, sighs heavily.

AMASIS

You can't let this overwhelm you. I've seen this before.

REX

What do you mean? This is the first I'm hearing of this. How long has this thing been living inside you? How have you been through treatments? What am I meant to do?

AMASIS

None of this is important at this moment in time. We need to get you ready take over when I'm gone. Your mother wasn't around to see you grow up. You're my son. You're responsible for leading this company once I'm gone. Don't think of it as me pawing this one on you—this is the stipulation given by the World Court. You must succeed me.

Rex's pacing increases and he heads over to the remote that controls the black fog on the glass. He presses it and the glass is clear. He's overlooking a quarter of the Icelandic coast. He puts his hands on the glass and puts his head down. He appears to be defeated by the news. Amasis walks over and stands next to him. Rex picks his head up. They are both staring at the coast of Iceland.

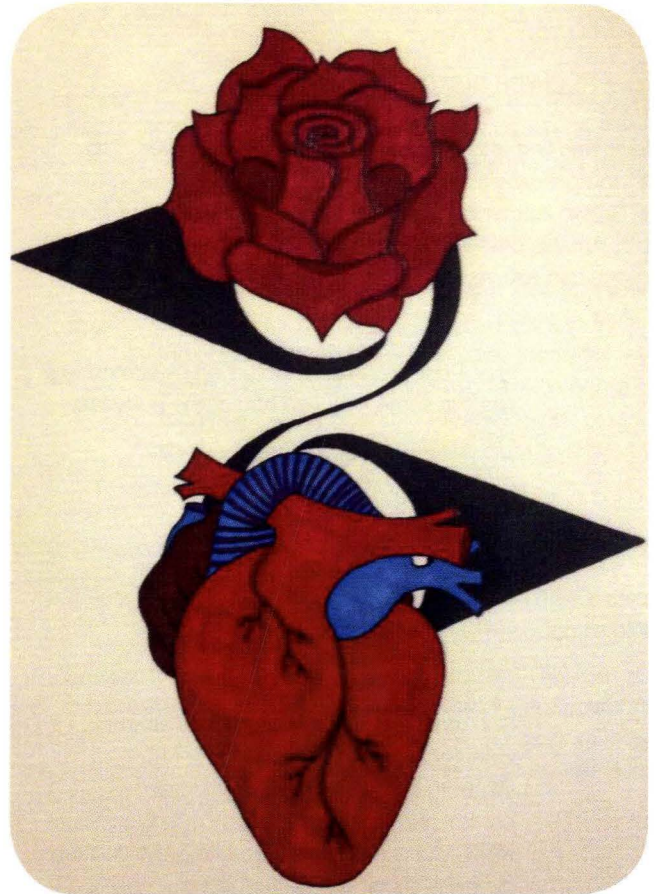
[Script continued in *Quest* digital magazine]



# Nostalgic Feel

by Jalyn Johnson

That moment feels like yesterday,  
clear skies and longer days,  
fuller hearts and wider eyes,  
memories of the younger years  
I'm at your right and you to my left.  
What turns this second into a day?  
What causes all this time to fade away?  
Nostalgia keeps haunting me.  
Feelings creep behind.  
You're here one second and gone the next.  
Are brighter days still up ahead?  
But, why do moments like these get left behind?  
Can they light my path through the dark?  
Will times like this be here once again?  
Will days like this be just as well spent,  
or will they all just be memories?  
Nostalgia keeps haunting me.



# World War II Kiss

by Karen Semper

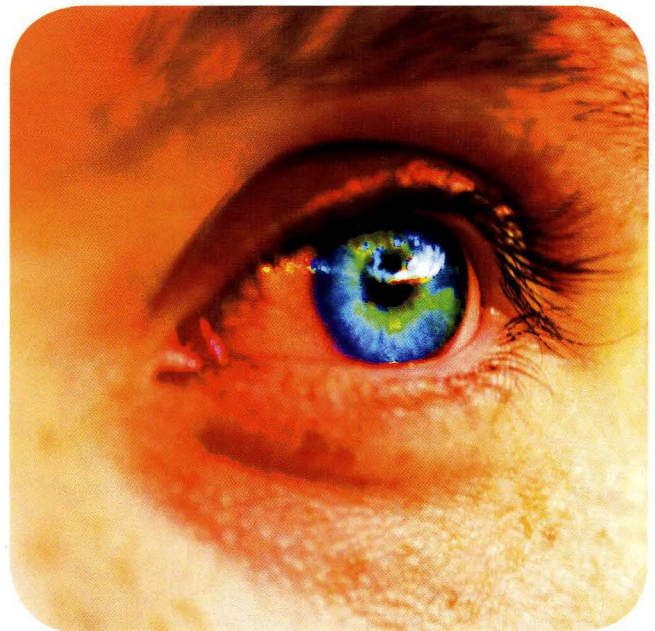
The cheers fill Times Square.

The ending of the war brings bright smiles.

He saw her from across the crowd;  
She saw him, too.  
Her white dress and hat with the famous Red Cross  
caught his eye.  
His military uniform took her breath away.

Her dark brunette hair framed her red stained cheeks.  
Enchanted by her,  
he pulled her in for a sweet kiss.

The war had ended and it brought on bright smiles,  
as well as short and sweet summer romances.



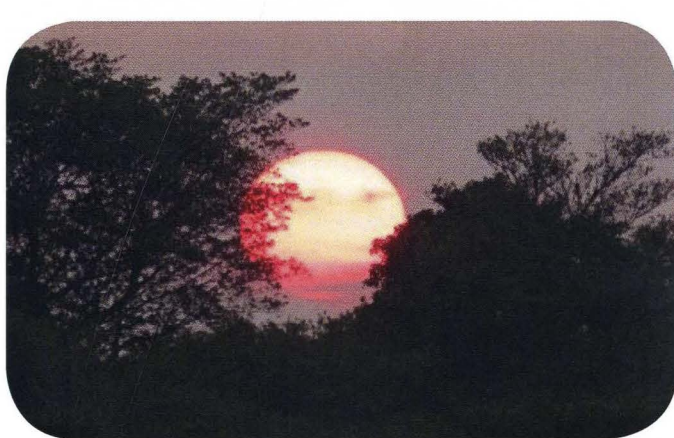
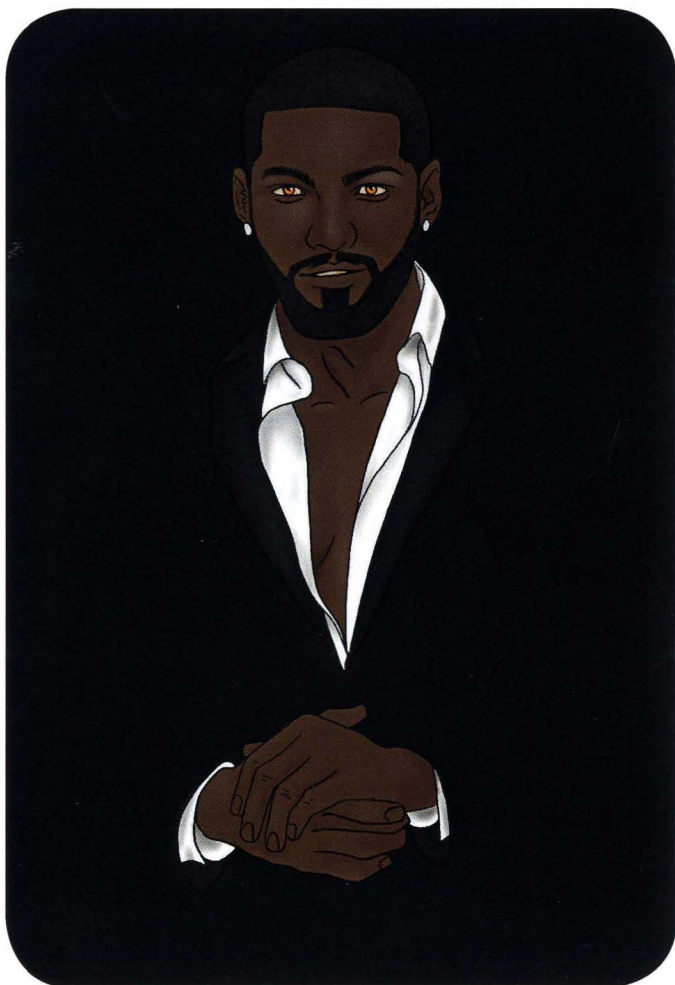
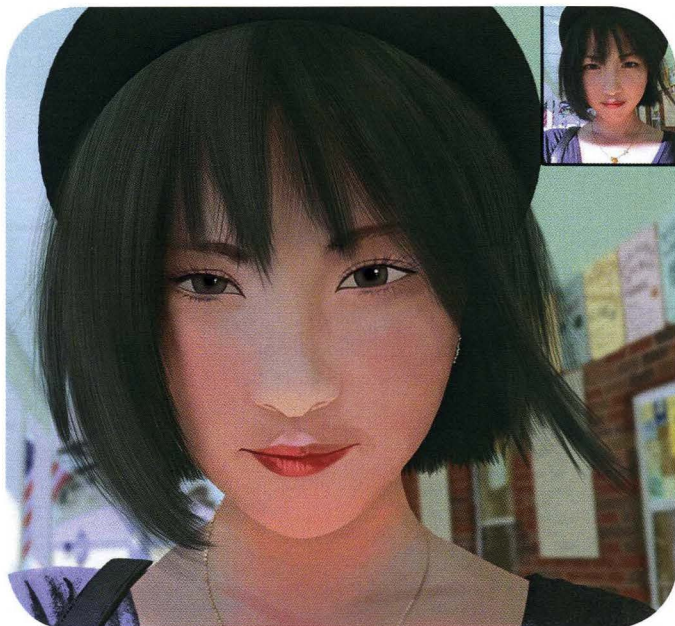
Top image by Alessandra Rosa  
Bottom photo by Paige Stegeman

Opposite image by Olivia Morris









## Lover's Chronicle

by Jasmire Brant

Happiness is a feeling everyone likes. It is a connection of hearts and connection of minds. But just like a coin, it has two different sides. We love to feel loved, and when we feel not? Some have seen both sides, but these are my thoughts. Let's go on a journey recorded in time of love and while Finding the answer itself isn't much...it's finding the courage to never give up.

Top left image by Dave Baer  
 Top right drawing by Daniel Kaleta  
 Bottom left image by Olivia Morris  
 Bottom right photo by William Levy



## Just Let Me Love You

by Tuana Marcelli

Just let me love you,  
like no one did ever before!  
Oh, you don't know how I'm scared,  
how I'm feelin' alone!

This long distance isn't workin',  
please come back.  
I'm sleeping with the lights on,  
please come back home!

let me watch you,  
till the end.  
let me touch you,  
like never before!

Sittin' in the empty apartment,  
I think of you.  
Without my armor,  
without you.

Now my shield's gone,  
I can't take this anymore.  
now that you're gone,  
I left the lights on.  
Let me watch you,  
till the end.

Let me touch you,  
like never before!

Just let me love you!

## The Cause of Loss

by Jasmire Brant

Have you ever had something that you loved, only to have  
it taken from you? At that time, how did you feel? What  
did you hope for?  
Life is a lesson, and love is much more.  
Don't blink, or you'll miss it...

Where is the line  
That divides wrong from right?  
It's in the mind  
And shown in what was left behind  
Doomed to repeat  
That which we won't see  
Ignorance is not bliss  
It is only a seed  
Sprouting roots for all to see  
I walk a road that's full of trees  
Lightning crashes  
Thunder roars  
And tells of how I hurt before  
Full of lamentation and mourning  
But joy comes in the morning  
Singing songs of brighter days  
But not for those who cause the pain  
Misery stirs inside their head  
That's why they toss and turn in bed  
Without God they reach for bibles  
But sins are only stacking higher  
What sorrow for those telltale liars  
Because they will be cleansed with fire  
Poison is a slender spider  
Vengeance is a vicious cycle

## The Crossroads

by Xiara Del Valle

You used to love my complexity.  
A wavering intersection of paths constructed by a set  
direction.  
I used to love your simplicity.  
A narrow road that was just enough to feel at home.

But we've both crossed a fine line.  
One that has never been bridged.  
Our destinations too far apart to be  
Traveled together.

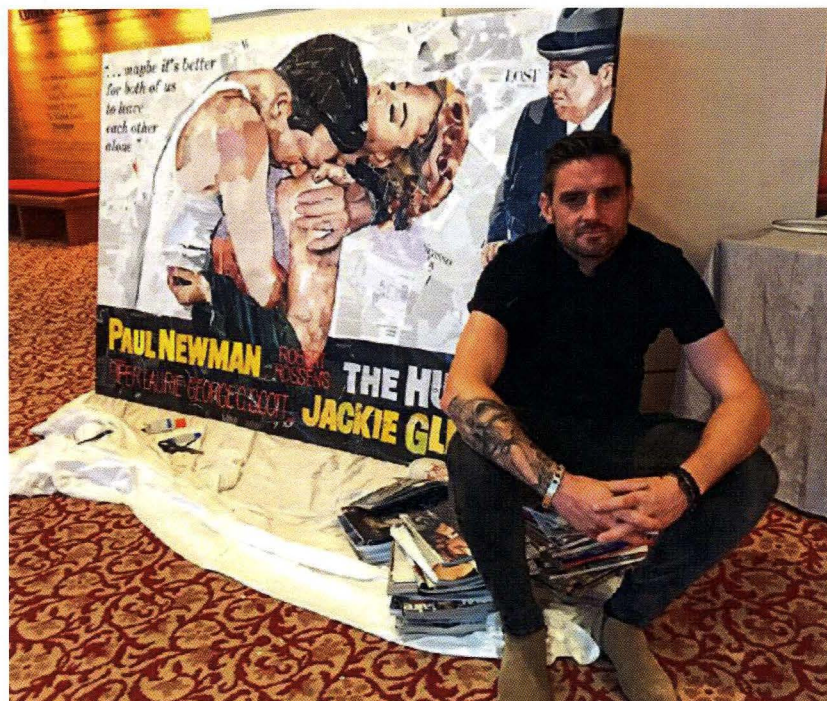
## Untitled

by Michaela Carney

Sister  
Nurturing, Emotional  
Loving, Caring, Understanding  
Gentle, Kind, Protective, Strong  
Arguing, Fighting, Yelling  
Reckless, Bold  
Brother



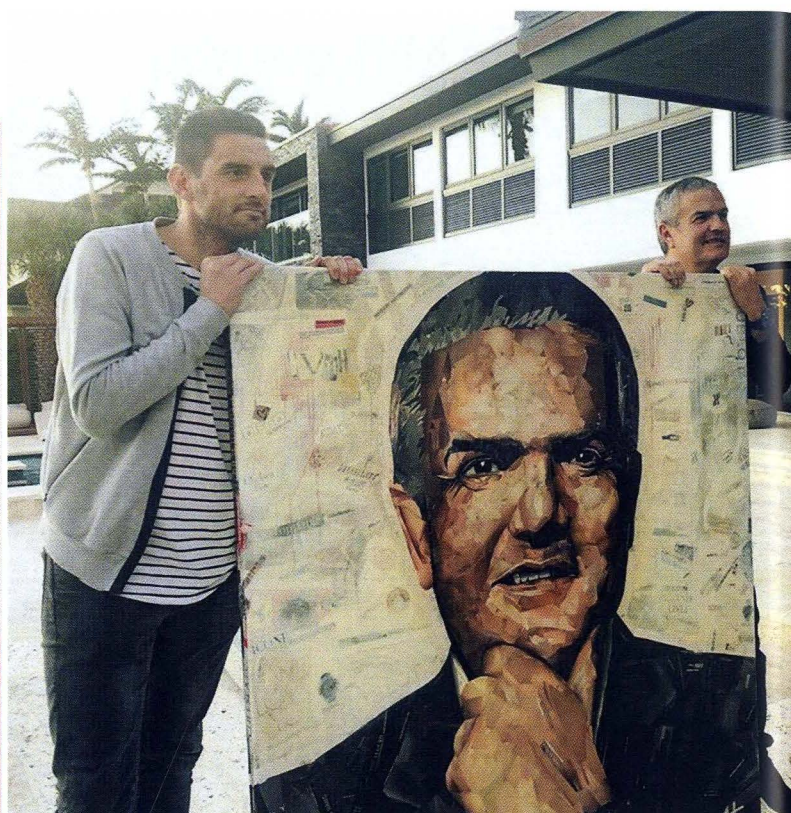
# Andy Hirst



I always knew I wanted to create. I think I always wanted to be an artist. I come from a very creative background. My mother is a designer and seamstress, my sister is a makeup artist, my dad is a musician, my uncle is a musician. So, I guess I've always been around creativity and it's just been a way of life and something I've always done.

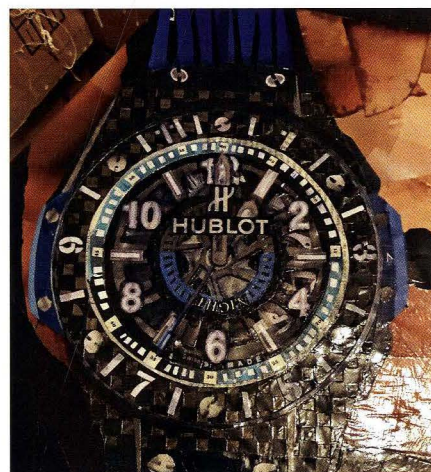
Because I come from a creative family, I've always been painting and drawing. When I graduated high school back in England, I attended art school for a couple of years. Initially doing fine art, I was painting a lot of abstract canvases and creating various different pieces of art, but as I studied, I kind of thought it would be difficult making a living being a full-time artist, so I switched to graphic design, because it was something that was still very creative, yet practical, and I could make a living doing that. Even in my spare time, I'm always or was always doing a lot of art. Now, it's mainly all I do. So, I guess I am formally trained although a lot of my stuff is experimental, but I guess a lot of art is figuring stuff out as you go.

At one time, my art was primarily abstract work. It was plaster with words scribed in it and texture. I would paint over the top of that with oil paints and different shades, so it was basically abstract art. And then I started doing some collage work. It started with a piece I did for a friend of Salvador Dali. It received such good feedback that I decided to pursue that a little bit more and that morphed into what I'm doing now, which is the collage portraits from magazines. It's interesting to see how even when I started the collage pieces, even that evolved into something else. I guess it's just finding a style and a niche and my own look. I guess it's developing all the time. I basically start applying little pieces of magazines that I cut out or ripped out and I gradually mold it to look like the person. I will add a bit of spray paint for the shadows and highlights. And basically, that's what it is in its simplistic form.



Above left: Andy at last years Celebration of the Arts.

Above right: Presenting a commissioned portrait of Ricardo Guadalupe, Global CEO of Hublot Watches, during Art Basel in Miami.

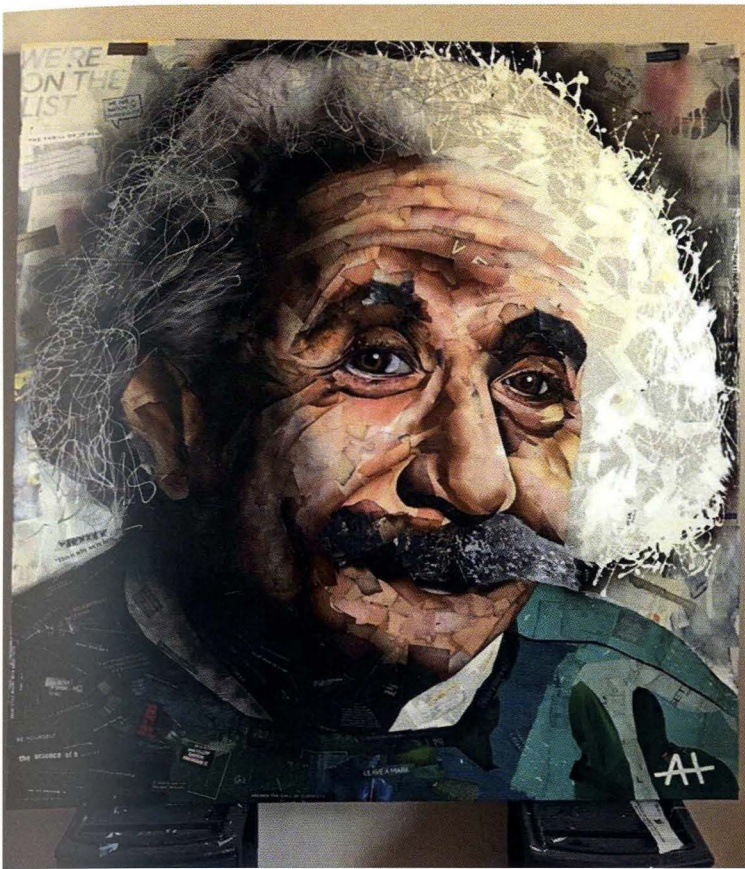


Left: A close-up of the collage of Ricardo Guadalupe's watch.

Bottom left: Andy during his exhibition on Palm Island, Miami, during Art Basel.







What motivates me? Well, a multitude of things. I kind of look at my art as a win-win in the respect that I get to do what I love and I find it very therapeutic. So, it's almost a necessity; it's almost something that I have to do. I also get quite anxious if I'm not creating art, so what motivates me is the intrinsic need to create art.

I get a creative block now and again. I think everyone does. And when that happens, I try not to force it. I just, if I can, I put things on hold until I feel inspired to do it. I find that when I force it or I'm doing my art when I'm not really feeling it, I don't get the results that I desire. So, I've learned to be a little bit more organic and more free-flowing and when I feel the need, I do it. Which is, thank god, pretty often.

Over the past year, I've had a few exhibitions actually. I've had a few showings around South Florida. It makes me feel proud. It makes me feel vulnerable. It makes me happy. It gives me a lot of joy to see other people enjoying what I love to do.

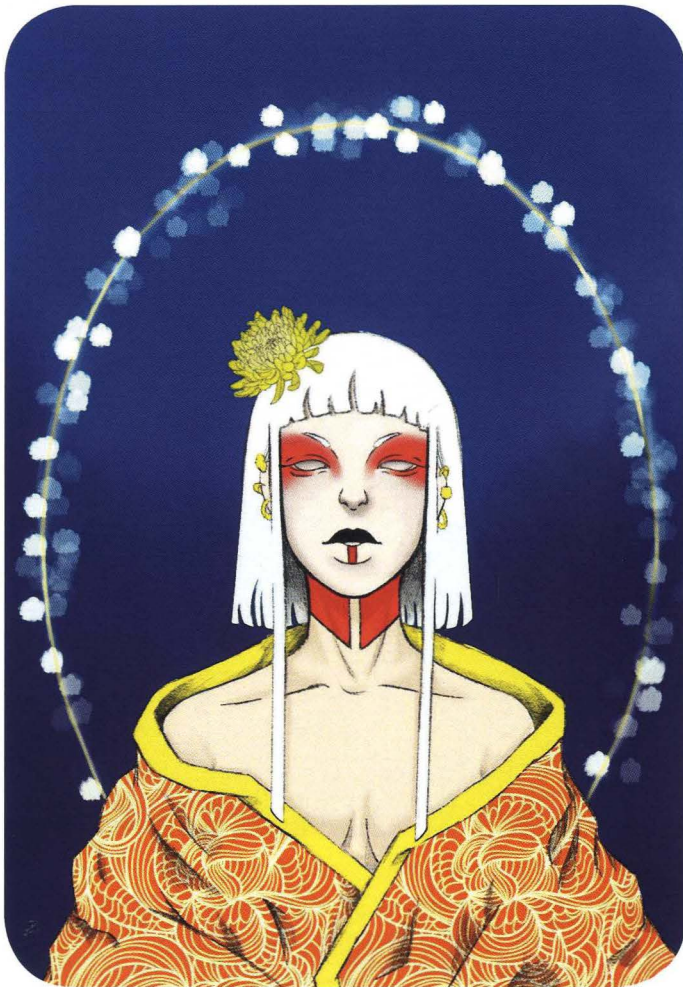
Over the past year, things have kind of took off. I've received some big commissions off of some notable people and it's all going in the right direction and I just love doing what I do. I could do this 24/7. It's just something I love to do because that's just who I am and what I love to do. It's a beautiful thing.

*A complete interview with Andy Hirst is in the digital version of Quest.*



Top left: collage of Albert Einstein  
 Top right: collage of Dalai Lama  
 Bottom right: collage of Muhammed Ali





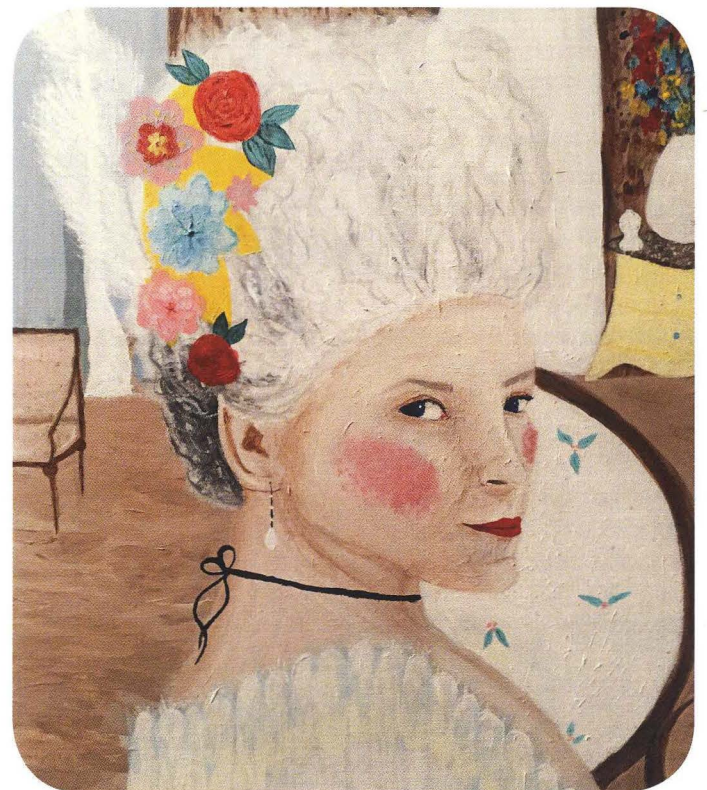
Top left image by Olivia Morris

Top right image by Steele Henriksen and Sarah Galati

Bottom left image by Olivia Morris

Bottom right image by Breanna Devlin

Opposite photo by Youssef El Salamouny





## In the Sorrow

by Darion Patrick

And in the anguish and sorrow  
Lies a silver lining  
At what, he remains unsure  
Profane emotions towards his optimistic curse  
Spoken loudly, with much meaning  
He hates that he can't hate you  
Firsthand I've seen the aftermath of your presence in his eyes  
Glimmering lights and lunar scenes manifest with you  
He knows himself to be foolish  
And delays attempting to adjust In a world of so many others  
Yet there are none as such.

Dark



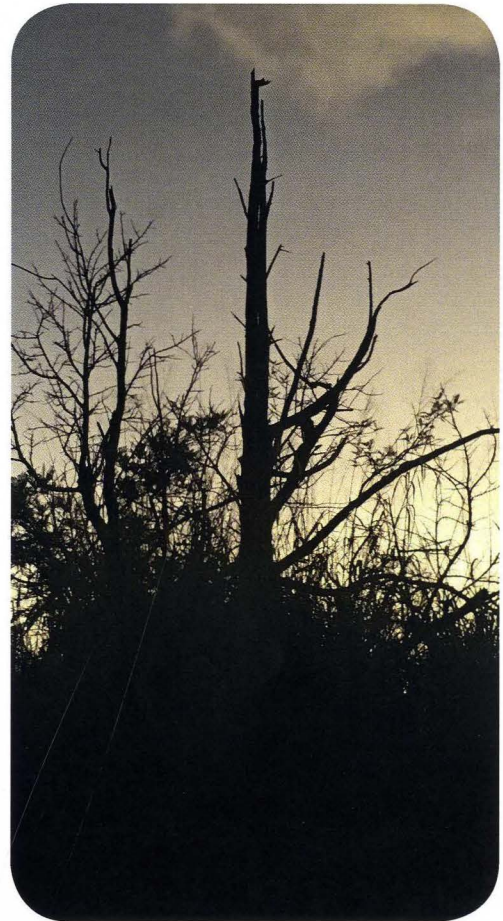
# Dead Animals Keep Turning up Lately in My Yard

by Jeff Morgan

The city said they could pick up the opossum  
as long as it was in the road, which it was  
after I gave it a flip with a hoe,  
then part of the decaying fly feast  
was in the road and part was in my swale.  
A private contractor gathered it up in heavy cloth,  
threw it into the back of his truck, and drove away

It had been days since I first noticed the feathers,  
the decomposing bird's carcass hidden under tall  
grass, and then walking back in from the shed,  
I saw it and scooped it into one big leaf  
with another big leaf, carrying it like a sandwich  
for a heave into a dense portion of our garden  
where once I threw vegetation growing in our plumbing.

Even the millipedes around my house are killing themselves.  
Their tiny legs undulate in waves as they near the edge  
of the pool, often dangling from the overhanging coping  
like an action star only to usually fall into the water  
where the current takes them into the filter,  
the kind that can trap tiny fingers and toes  
below the surface in the deep end where they shouldn't be.



Above image by Darren Allen

Bottom image by Youssef El Salamouny



# The Interview

by David Fleisher

SETTING: An office

AT RISE: SYLVIA SLAM sits at her desk talking on the telephone, when MARSHA PORTER ENTERS.

SYLVIA

(Into phone) Is she here yet?

(MARSHA clears her throat and smiles meekly.)

MARSHA

Excuse me, ma'am?

SYLVIA

(Into phone)

Buzz me the moment she gets here.

MARSHA

Sorry to interrupt.

SYLVIA

(Into phone) Just a minute. (to MARSHA)  
Did you finish already?

MARSHA

Finish?

SYLVIA

Floors, cabinets, sinks, tiles.

MARSHA

I'm afraid I don't understand.

SYLVIA

Who are you?

MARSHA

Marsha Porter.

SYLVIA

You're Miss Porter?

MARSHA

Yes, ma'am.

SYLVIA

I thought you were the janitor.

MARSHA

No, ma'am.

SYLVIA

How long were sitting out there?

MARSHA

Well, the receptionist...

SYLVIA

Blanche...

MARSHA

...Yes, well, I guess around fifteen or twenty minutes.

SYLVIA

I see. Excuse me a moment.

(Into phone)

Blanche, guess who's here in front of me as we speak?

(PAUSE)

No, it's not the janitor! It's Miss Porter. She's here for her interview.

Call the ambulance.

(Hangs up)

MARSHA

Ambulance?

SYLVIA

I'm so sorry for all the confusion. My receptionist isn't exactly up to snuff today. Would you excuse me a moment?

(SYLVIA EXITS. A scream offstage. After a few moments, SHE ENTERS, brushing herself off.)

SYLVIA

Pleased to meet you.

(Extending her hand)

Sylvia Slam, Director of Human Resources.

MARSHA

Nice to meet you, Ms. Slam. Marsha...

SYLVIA

Porter. I've been looking forward to meeting you in person. I feel like I already know you.

MARSHA

(Very cheery)

Really? Well, one thing my résumé doesn't tell you is, I have a pretty good sense of humor, and I think that's important to have in the work place. See, I've always been the funny one in the family.

In fact, my Dad used to tell me...God, listen to me go on! I'm sorry, I'm just a little nervous.



SYLVIA

No need to be nervous. Relax, be yourself. We have a few minutes before the ambulance arrives. Marsha ... may I call you Marsha?

MARSHA

Of course, but Ms. Slam, the ambulance?

SYLVIA

Do you know what it takes to be an effective administrative assistant?

MARSHA

Well, I would have to say good organizational skills and efficient work habits.

SYLVIA

I'm actually looking for one word.

MARSHA

I think a good administrative assistant needs to get along with people from all walks of life. You never know who's going to walk through that door on any given day. And, by the way, a sense of humor wouldn't hurt!

SYLVIA

One word, Marsha. I'm looking for just one word. It starts with an L. Complete the following sentence by telling me the first word that comes to mind. A good administrative assistant is ...

MARSHA

Lucky? No, that's not it.

SYLVIA

Try again.

MARLA

Lovely? God, what's the matter with me.

SYLVIA

Again.

MARSHA

I can't think...

SYLVIA

Again, I said!

MARSHA

Lonely?

SYLVIA

A good administrative assistant is lonely? Think, Marsha, think.

MARSHA

I'm sorry, Ms. Slam, I don't test well.

SYLVIA

It's an easy word. The second letter is O.

MARSHA

Lovely! I just said that.

SYLVIA

It's not lovely, Marsha. Now think. L...O...

MARSHA

Lost!

SYLVIA

Okay, calm down. I'm going to tell you the word. Are you ready?

MARSHA

Yes, ma'am, ready.

SYLVIA

I would like you to listen very carefully as the word comes out of my mouth. In fact, I want you to stare at my mouth as I say this word.  
Loyal.

MARSHA

A good administrative assistant is loyal. Of course! Like I said, I just don't test well, Ms. Slam. My SAT scores were terrible.

SYLVIA

I'm not concerned with your testing skills, Marsha. I've called your references and read your letters of recommendation. You have an impeccable record.

MARSHA

I try very hard to please.

SYLVIA

I'm sure you do.

MARSHA

Is that a siren I hear?

SYLVIA

See, Marsha, it's going to take more than just hard work on your part. The person I hire will have to meet certain moral and ethical standards.

MARSHA

Absolutely, I understand.

SYLVIA

Many companies give only lip service to stuff like honesty and loyalty. (Places hands around MARSHA's neck and squeezes playfully)

But around here we embrace it.



MARSHA

Your hands are cold, Ms. Slam.

SYLVIA

I want to explore the concept of loyalty with you.

MARSHA

Okay, I know that sound. It's definitely a siren.

SYLVIA

Tell me, how important is loyalty to you?

MARSHA

Very important.

SYLVIA

There is nothing... I repeat, nothing in this world more important to me than loyalty. It's a sign of trust.

MARSHA

I couldn't agree with you more, Ms. Slam. In fact, it's interesting you mention that because my last employer told me trust is the foundation of a good working relationship.

SYLVIA

Or any relationship for that matter, wouldn't you agree?

MARSHA

Ms. Slam, may I ask you something that's not really related directly to this interview?

SYLVIA

Of course.

MARSHA

A moment ago, when you left the room, I heard someone scream. What was that? I mean, was that...like the receptionist?

SYLVIA

Blanche?

MARSHA

Yes, Blanche.

SYLVIA

Yes, it was.

MARSHA

I don't mean to pry, but is she like okay?

SYLVIA

Blanche screamed because she experienced intense pain.

MARSHA

I see.

SYLVIA

Do you know why companies fail? They aren't profitable. And why aren't they profitable? One reason is because there's a breakdown in communication. What's communication based on?

MARSHA

Could you give me a hint? Oh, I know! Clarity. Speaking clearly.

SYLVIA

(Placing her hands on MARSHA's shoulder)

Trust.

MARSHA

I'm trustworthy. You can ask my former employer.

SYLVIA

Again, your employment record is not in question here, Marsha. But what is in question, and something we still need to explore, is your concept of loyalty.

MARSHA

See, I believe...

SYLVIA

(Interrupting)

...This company's success depends on how much you and I trust each other. Like I said, many companies simply dismiss loyalty, but around here

(Grabs MARSHA's shoulders)

it's a living, breathing organism.

MARSHA

Let me just put this out on the table. I value loyalty very much.

SYLVIA

Do you?

MARSHA

I am a very loyal person. Always have been.

SYLVIA

Are you?

MARSHA

Absolutely, ma'am.

SYLVIA

Were you loyal to Derek?

MARSHA

Derek?

SYLVIA

Yes, Derek, your husband. He is your husband, isn't he?

MARSHA

How do you know my husband's name?



SYLVIA  
Never mind that.

MARSHA  
I know a siren when I hear one, and that is definitely a siren.

SYLVIA  
Well, were you?

MARSHA  
Was I what?

SYLVIA  
Loyal to Derek?

MARSHA  
I'm sorry but I'm beginning to feel like I've come to the wrong place.

SYLVIA  
The wrong person, maybe, but not the wrong place.

MARSHA  
Is this some kind of a joke?

SYLVIA  
Joke? I don't think it's a joke. It certainly wasn't a joke when that old boyfriend of yours came back into your life. I believe his name is Kevin.

MARSHA  
Who are you?!

SYLVIA  
I already told you, Marsha. My name is Sylvia, Sylvia Slam.

MARSHA  
I'm afraid I don't understand.

SYLVIA  
To my way of thinking, if you're unfaithful to your husband, you could also be unfaithful to me.

MARSHA  
Tell me who you are.

SYLVIA  
Are you threatening me?

MARSHA  
No.

SYLVIA  
No?

MARSHA  
I need to know who you are!

SYLVIA  
You already know who I am, Marsha. I'm Director of Human Resources.

MARSHA  
Is Kevin a friend of yours?

SYLVIA  
Kevin?

MARSHA  
Yes, Kevin!

SYLVIA  
You know, we still haven't settled this loyalty issue.

MARSHA  
Have you been following me?

(SYLVIA matter-of-factly takes a knife out of her pocket)

SYLVIA  
Why would I want to follow you? On the other hand, I might have an interest in following Kevin. See, Kevin and I are actually together, a couple, as they say.

MARSHA  
I must be dreaming this.

SYLVIA  
Do you believe in God?

(SYLVIA jerks MARSHA's head back, as she presses the knife against her throat)

SYLVIA  
Let me tell you about pain, Marsha Porter. Pain is when you give up everything you have in the world for someone you love more than life itself, for someone who says he can't live without you. But then one night you see that same love of your life at a seedy motel with a slut who doesn't test well and who thinks she's the funny one in the family!

MARSHA  
Let me go for God's sake!

SYLVIA  
One more sentence to complete, Ms. Porter. Last one, I promise. It's from the Bible. An eye for an eye, tooth for a...I want you to stare at my mouth as I say the word. Tooth.

(BLACKOUT. The sound of a thump on the floor)

Opposite image by Dave Baer



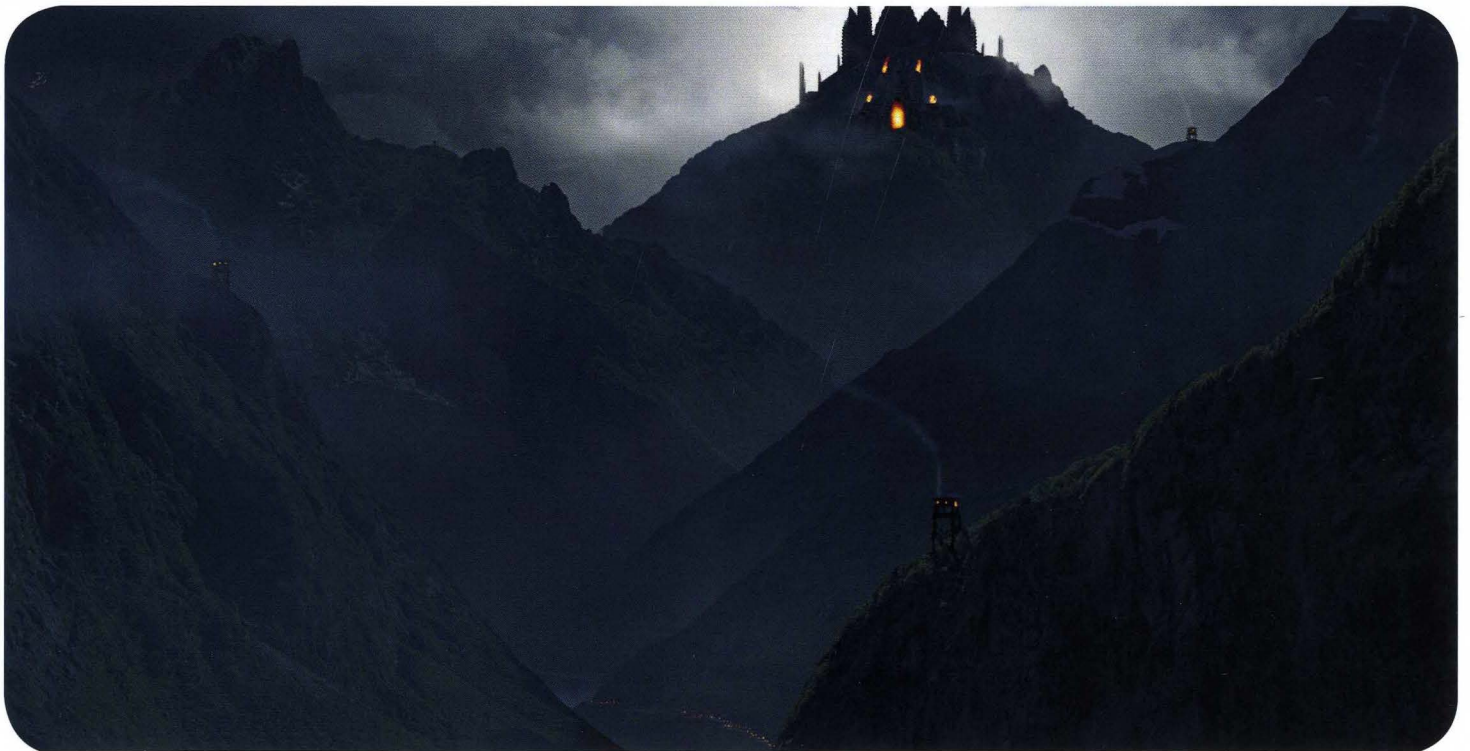


Art by [signature]





Top image by Dave Baer  
Bottom image by Dave Baer





# Cigarettes and Gasoline

by Kayla Wortham

The mortician taught me how to cut open a body  
to make it beautiful when the insides were decaying and filling with  
rot but it's been awhile since I wondered what my insides looked  
like, curious enough to cut myself open  
and take a look at the broken pipelines, valves, and veins that are  
rooted in my body.

In my native language, my name is translated as gasoline, flint  
wood, and straight razor. My name is a trigger to anyone with any  
category of mental illness.

I have become the alphabet.

Children memorize my labels to fill every letter.

Let my ballads twirl off their tongue like an obituary.

People say I am the bomb,

but they only mean

I am the weapon of my own self destruction.

I wake up next to death every morning.

I remind him that we make a good couple.

He nods and reminds me that he is the only reliable person in my  
life. That, no matter what, he is always there for me.

Coping mechanisms are the only hobbies I am interested in these  
days.

I only have time to live barely long enough to die young enough for  
my death to be considered a tragedy.

I stopped wearing a seatbelt because

I have always loved the rough corners of a rollercoaster similar to  
what I road as a kid.

They always terrified me as they made me feel alive, but I guess the  
feelings are the same.

Bad habits write an identity I don't recognize in ink tattooed on my  
body.

Some of these bad habits I have absorbed from my friends. I've  
been drinking about them a lot lately.

Drinking about the way they text me the day after they had plans.

Drinking about the invisible conversations that we never have.

Drinking about my childhood compared to now.

I give the antagonist a scalpel and point to where I am weak and  
tell them not to hurt me. Every word reopens a wound I didn't  
know closed.

I have never been a smoker, but I bought a pack today just to  
prove that I could.

Because it was the only death I have never been addicted to.

I pressed each casket to my lips and embraced the taste of dying.

I've always liked the taste of not being good enough.

I remember when the only use I had with silverware was a mirror  
to view my progress.

Now the nostalgia has me turning tobacco into a meal plan.

Burns calories faster than I can consume them.

As I pressed another cigarette to my lips, I kept thinking maybe  
this life isn't for me.

So, I smoked until I stared down the empty barrel of Reds and  
realized it wasn't killing me fast enough.

I stapled my birth certificate to the hospital walls hoping to refund  
my existence, prayed their warranty policy covers mental illness.  
Insurance only covers real diseases.

My emergency contacts are painted on the floor in blood stains.

The nurses know my mother's maiden name like an old lullaby  
they will tell their kids one day.

Tell them of the girl who was haunted by her past until the ghost  
inside of her was more alive than she ever was.

I've missed the way a coffin's valance feels against my bare,  
hungry skin.

The soft touch of its comfort around me is easily mistaken as  
the arms of the loved ones that I lost in the deaths of my  
days in defeat.

I missed the whimsical way the funeral director looks at me like  
he knows all my secrets. Even attached my suicide note to his  
mortgage payment like it's already guaranteed.

Has my number on the top of his referral list.

His slogan states, "I made death look so peaceful, she became  
it."



# Darkness Surrounds

by Anne Myers

Darkness surrounds,  
Creeping, wrapping around my body  
It squeezes me, closing my windpipe  
Everything around me is a blurry picture  
I feel like I'm being dragged down in a body of water  
Water invades my lungs

The only feeling is despair

Everyone sees me, talks to me,  
But they are blind  
to the monster dragging me down  
They don't see the monster  
sucking the life out of me

When I ask for help, some ignore me  
They tell me that the monster shouldn't be there  
After all I have everything  
Family, house, clothes, food, education  
To them, I am ungrateful

Because of them I stitch my mouth closed

They are right  
I should be grateful

Drip, drip, drip  
Blood fills my wrists  
It keeps the monster away

For a while

The pain in my wrist numbs  
the pain inside of me  
I avoid cutting my veins  
I don't want to die  
All I want is to stop the pain even if it's temporary

There are times when I wonder  
should I let the blood flow?  
Have the blood drain out of me and with it the monster

I have dealt with this feeling for years

The squeezing has loosened  
But there are times when it comes back  
It ambushes me  
Feeding on my vulnerability

I could be driving and it appears  
It gets in my head  
Whispering

"End it, the pain will go away"

I notice myself speeding,  
I slow down  
I take a deep breath  
The monster begins to disappear  
Leaving only a shadow

Other's may not see the monster  
But I do  
I see the monsters in other people,  
too

But what can I do?  
It's selfish, I know

I am a puppet  
I slash my cheeks  
Smiling and happy  
Pretending

Maybe one day  
I will defeat the monster

Just not today



# Cluedo

by Allison Gillette

In a faraway castle lived a quirky couple, Ruth and Parker Lane. They had a staff consisting of Lynda the maid, Ben the chef, and Burton the butler. Over the years, Ruth and Parker had grown estranged and often sat in separate rooms of the castle, not knowing or caring where the other was.

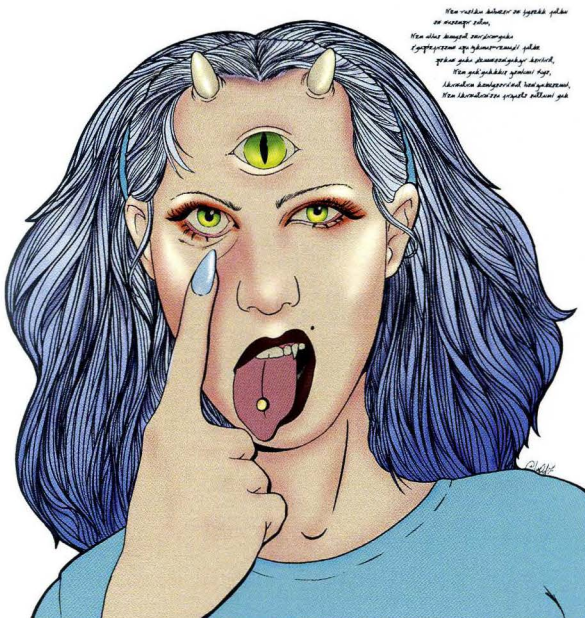
One day, Lady Ruth was crying in the sitting room. She had received bad news from her sister. Her brother-in-law had a bad accident while riding his horse and may be crippled for life. Burton the butler heard her crying and rushed to her aid. She shared the news, and he held her hand in sympathy. Unknown to them at that moment, Lord Parker stepped into the doorway and spied what look liked a show of affection. He turned and scowled, plotting his revenge.

As the days went by, Burton was more and more attentive to Ruth, and Ruth, who was deprived of affection, began to look forward to their meetings and longed for his touch. They began to have daily conversations with Burton inquiring as to what Madame would like for dinner. Sometimes, he would bring her sprigs of flowers gathered from the garden. Once, Ruth dropped her handkerchief, and as they both bent down to retrieve it, their heads touched and they looked at each other in surprise, their lips gently touching. Impulsively, Burton asked Ruth, "Does your husband ever kiss you?" Ruth replied in a low voice, "It does not matter. It's you I long for."

From that moment on, Burton decided to remove the husband, but gradually so no one would suspect foul play. He added a small drop of poison to Parker's nightly drink of brandy. For his part, Parker decided that Burton must go. He arranged for a poisonous snake to enter the garden, which he knew Burton tended daily. It was just a matter of time before the snake would find its prey.

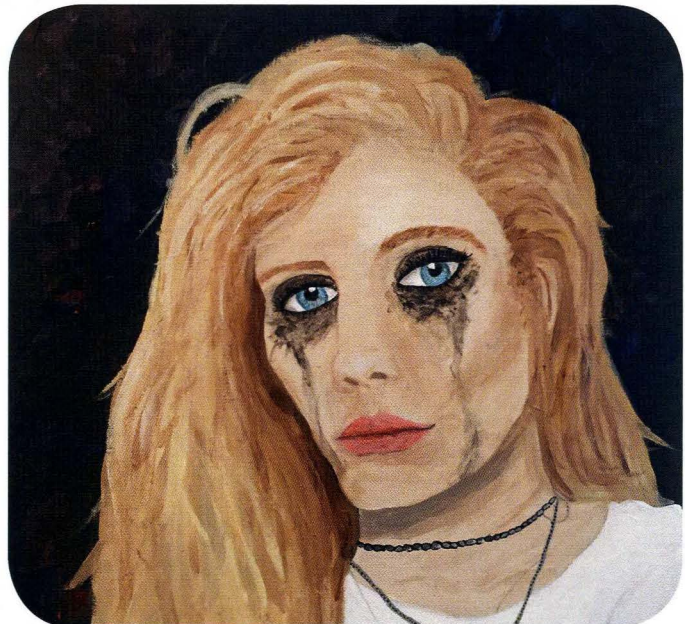
A few nights later, Parker sat up in bed shortly after midnight, frightened from a dream. He was screaming about a snake that was going to bite him. The next day, Ruth told Burton about Parker's dream, and he thought that her husband may have had a premonition about a true danger. So, Burton decided to investigate. He brought a huge butcher's knife, gleaming like a dagger, into the garden. Soon, he spied a slit-eyed, slithering snake making its way through the rose bushes. He swiftly struck, and the movement stopped. Quickly, he buried what was left of the creature.

The next night, Parker again woke in the middle of the night, screaming and clutching his chest. The poison had taken effect. Ruth called quickly for Burton.



Above left image by Olivia Morris

Above right image by Breanna Delvin





## Little White Pill

by V.E. Hunt

Beware the little white pill,  
the one that promises relief.  
The one your doc prescribes  
and the TV touts  
day and night  
as you writhe in pain.

For there in the fine print  
of the cascading sheet  
stapled to the crisp, white bag  
you clutch like a thief  
dashing into the night  
is a warning:

This drug may cause side effects  
including, but not limited to:  
Insomnia,  
Anemia,  
Confusion,  
Disillusion  
Uncontrollable rage,  
Old age  
Matricide,  
Patricide, and ...  
Fear of Naugahyde

Fear of Naugahyde?  
That you cannot abide.

You hand back the bag,  
not so crisp now  
to the tired, thin, pale,  
confused pharmacist,  
who seems quite angry now.

And you slump away,  
in pain.

## Once there was a Junkie

by Terence Kruse

Once there was a junkie,  
a junkie he was,  
He wasn't a bad person;  
all he wanted was love.  
He couldn't see what he was doing,  
because his head was filled with drugs,  
but he was becoming a monster,  
and it was scaring everyone.  
Once there was a junkie,  
blinded by the drugs,  
cheating, lying and stealing,  
but he was having too much fun.  
Copious amounts of drugs,  
that was all he ever loved;  
he was dancing with the devil,  
and was having too much fun.  
Once there was a junkie,  
blinded by the drugs;  
death has him now,  
so he has no fun.

Opposite photo by Nikhil Verma







# Deactivate

by Jazznae Thomas (Braziel)

A like.  
A comment.  
The more, the better we feel.  
The more, the more we need.  
The more, the more we will do.  
People are willing to do anything to gain more likes than you.  
Likes are the proof we need.  
The proof that we are attractive and doing well.  
The likes feed our ego the things we need to hear.  
We will do anything for the high of a like or comment reply.  
We will tell all of our business to a timeline,  
Or publicly break up with our lovers in a tweet.  
Likes have made some people air out the dirty laundry of their own mothers.  
Nothing is private anymore.  
Funerals are now for the whole world to see.  
My timeline never ceases to amaze me.  
Oddly, it just recently dawned on me,  
That all I have to do is stop looking and none of this can affect me.  
There has to be a point when we collectively say, "enough is enough."  
I will not watch as children take their own lives.  
I will not watch as people are murdered on camera or sold as slaves.  
I refuse to watch as the world becomes insensitive to other people's pain.  
No more. I opt out of cyber reality to save my humanity, and I really hope you that you will, too.  
The future of this world is up to me, and it is up to you.  
It is time that we deactivate to save the compassion of the human race.  
\*Dedicated to Facebook, Twitter, and platforms like those.



Photo by Kevin Kao  
Opposite photo by Darren Allen







# Don't Believe Us, Just Watch- The Rhyme Scheme of Revolution.

A Poem Representing The #NeverAgain Movement by Ethan A. Pond

The bullets traveled at 2,182 miles per hour. In what world besides ours is it okay to own an assault rifle with that kind of firepower? I can't believe these are serious debates. That I live in these states and in this country that's deciding kid's fates. All they are asking for is common sense gun legislation. These are KIDS leading the non-violent movement in this nation. They are channeling their anger, their sadness, their fear and frustration. Sentencing their politicians to eternal damnation. These kids in Stoneman Douglas in Parkland are once-in-a-generation.

You only get one shot at true revolution. These kids are speaking succinctly and with much elocution. Don't be fooled. The NRA and the GOP are supporting mass execution. All these kids want is a basic solution. There are 96 people every day that take their lives with a gun, and you know what? We are done. We are finished with 13,000 gun homicides per year. We will not allow the next generation to live in fear! For every one person that is killed with a gun, two more are hurt. We are already on 'red alert!' How much longer until our nation feels the dismay, that seven children are killed by guns every day? In the average month, 50 women are shot to death by their intimate partners, while our petulant politicians whine and cry about their Second Amendment rights like kindergartners. We bet our Republican House and Senate politicians would spend a pretty schilling on weapons that are used for killing, and that's equally both dark and chilling. What's even worse is that the GOP remain unwilling to prevent in the future more senseless killing. It is simple logic as evidenced by the unnecessary violence and perpetuation of loss, that AR-15s and assault rifles should be banned, to get our point across.



Above image by Noah Najjar



So, hear us and our rhyme scheme of revolution, according to our very own U.S. constitution. "A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed of this date." To our gun lobbyists, our right to own a weapon of mass destruction, is a product of both NRA seduction and mass production. To change this problem there needs to be a lethal firearms deduction. This isn't about an abduction of Second Amendment rights, but a revision of a document written in 1787 by our country's 'leading whites.' We will not be part of this senseless retribution from gun violence with no resolution. We will be the last generation to have a mass shooting in an academic institution. We don't believe in this country's dissolution, so here we are making known our own contribution. We want action for our friends that were lost and not some form of restitution. We will see through our country's eventual evolution.

I don't believe it's too much to be asking. What the right-wing loonies apparently are "too busy" masking. I saw adults attacking these kids and their friends. What's wrong with you, will you go to no ends? Shame on the right-wingers and political pundits for calling them crisis actors, when you know damn well that they are the true benefactors. They are not acting, except on emotions, and they are making crystal clear as to their devotions. The fact that this congress through multiple slaughters has held itself in checkmate demonstrates why action now is far too late. I'd love to see them reach across the aisle and take action, but to them, we're numbers and therefore an insignificant fraction. We are merely to them "a distraction." We will not back down until there is, on our part, satisfaction.

The issue of being shot and killed at school apparently to our politicians is not motivating enough, so now it's up to us kids to stop all of this stuff. The adults have failed us and their inaction is cruel. But we will educate and stay in school. Now it's up to us, the kids, led by Emma, Cameron, and David, to prevent another mass shooting by protesting the laws we know we'll soon be uprooting. We do this by calling their bluff, not letting up on our fight for justice, and being tough. We will be the generation that stops any crazy person with a gun from taking another innocent soul, so we will not rest until we have control.

I personally do not feel comfortable with my school for their inaction. We need to get something started and have it gain traction. I don't feel safe with what's currently being done, and while we have guns-for-hire, so while there's currently nothing being accomplished, it just adds fuel to our fire. No disrespect to this university, but this is about overcoming this type of adversity. I feel I have a right to address my concern, so I will in the name of protesting not adjourn. It is for change that I, and this movement, yearn. So, here's a history lesson of which you should learn. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press;" so I confess, this gives me a great deal of distress, when the politicians on Capitol Hill don't even address the need for uninterrupted and swift action when we all know damn well it's the NRA they're motivated to impress. Instead they choose to regress and try to suppress our success, blocking our access and progress, or as they call it, "due process."

"Or the right of the people peaceably to assemble." How ironic then, that these very same people would try to make us tremble with the threat of punishments from our schools and the threat that impinges upon and hampers our right to freedom of speech as they call for their students to "go back to school and dissemble."

"And finally, to petition the Government for a redress of grievance." So, look us in the eye and tell us why "We the People" can't get our politicians to change their stance in this what appears to be a "game of chance." Each of the 552 school shootings that this country has endured, why are we still unable to prepare for this circumstance in advance?

With the kids present at the statehouse, they voted down a motion that saw these brave kids give way to emotion. The pain that they must be feeling is so awful, watching these politicians commit to the blood on their hands and money in their pockets from the NRA, which is unlawful. These kids do not want your patronage or your prayers. They want to stick it to their naysayers. They want change, and no more bleeding. They want real representation, a congress that will act, and real leading. We need, still, to meet them at their level on their floor. It is what, after all, we're taking a stand for.

Yet, still these poor kids somehow remain resilient in leading the way, even in the wake of watching their 17 compatriots be murdered on that indescribably horrible Wednesday. This is what has driven them and their drive is incredible. They continue even as the right-wing media blasts them for being "not credible." If you don't believe us, just watch. This effort, this movement, this revolution is coming, and it's top-notch.

I can't imagine how strong these kids are, each one a star in their own right; they keep shining bright and keep raising the bar. What should be noted is while our politicians refuse to do anything, these kids are showing courage and doing everything. Our spineless cowards in office froze when they had the chance. That inaction is their true happenstance. The rejection of even a conversation we condemn, at behest of their NRA affiliations whom finance them.

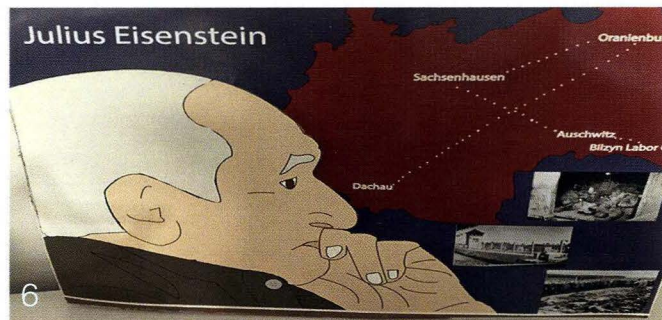
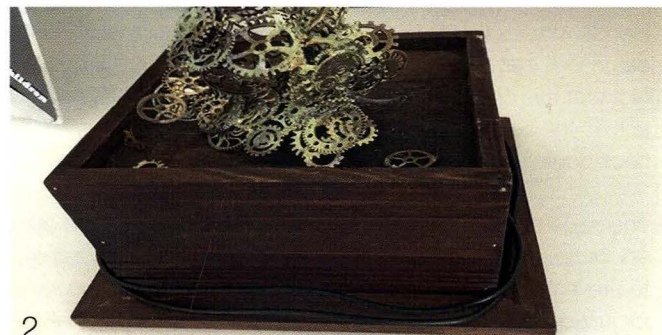
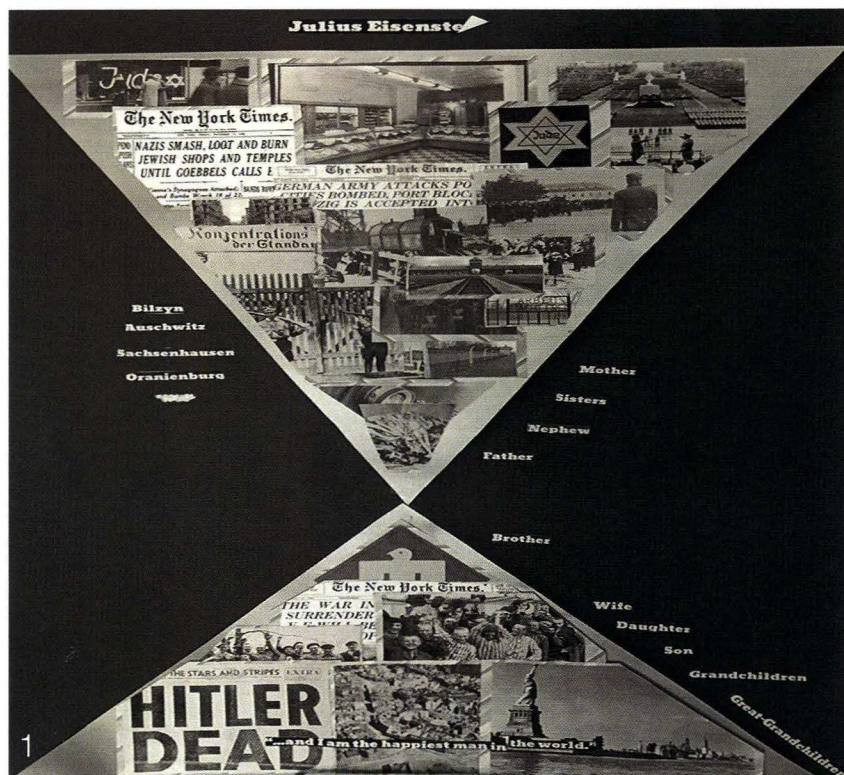
"We the People," hath returned, learned, twice burned, and been spurned; at the mid-term elections, we shall see the tide turned. To the politicians, to whom it may be concerned: "We the People" will leave no stone unturned. The point is we're not leaving and we're not going away. We see through our nation's disarray, the path of which we use to stray. We will be these politician's judgment day. We know in the end we'll win, because WE ARE THE U-S-of-A!

[Poem continued in *Quest* digital magazine]



# Holocaust Remembered

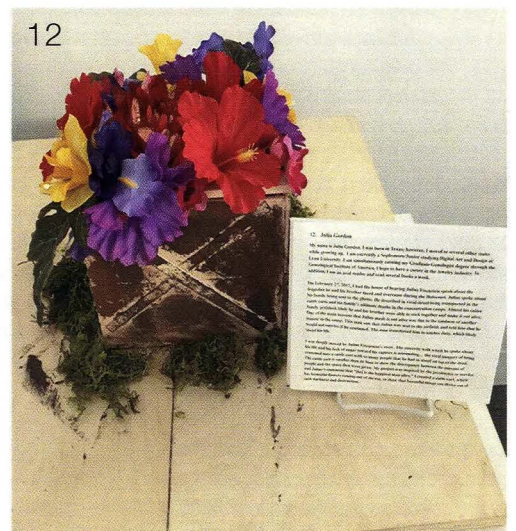
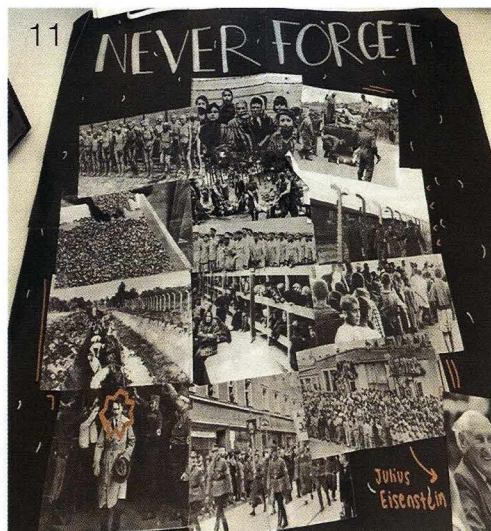
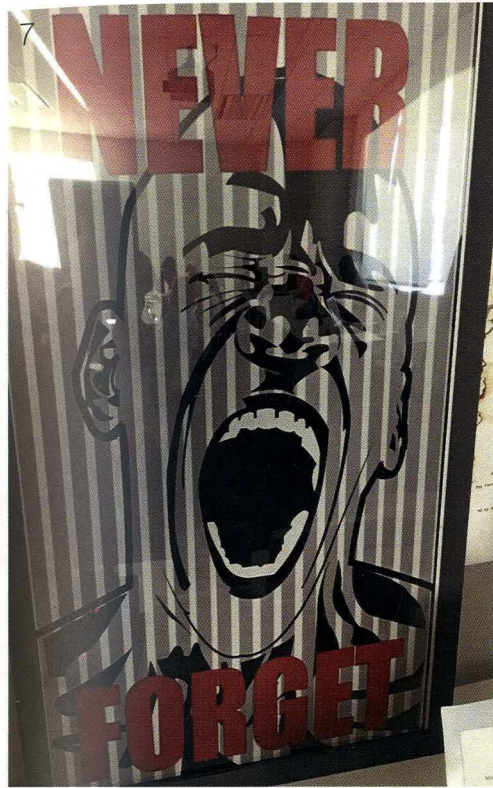
Students from the Nuremberg Trials class and other participating classes created a GenZ story expression project in any art form after listening to Holocaust survivors share their stories. The purpose of the project was for students to express what they heard in order to reach others who may not be familiar with the horrors of the Holocaust. Each project serves as a tribute to the victims as a way to share their stories with the next generation.



1. Swekan Oran
2. Jeremy Shedd
3. Karan Khatwani

4. Sara Rosner
5. Evan Dichiera
6. Julieth Link





- |                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 7. Maria Casares       | 10. Evan Diciara       |
| 8. Valentina Bejarano  | 11. Sarahlina Castillo |
| 9. Gabriella De Moraes | 12. Julia Gordon       |



# Artists and Authors

**Zhanna Abdrakhmanova** is a graduate student from Astana, Kazakhstan, completing her MBA in Marketing at Lynn University. Drawing is one of her favorite hobbies, helping her relax and express herself.

**Maimuna Ahmed** is a junior from Nigeria, and is majoring in Biology.

**Darren Allen** is an assistant professor and chair of Law and Interdisciplinary Studies in the College of Arts and Sciences. He practices law and is a style icon.

**Dave Baer** is a professor at the new Digital Media Arts Center at Lynn University. He has been teaching at Digital Media Arts College since 2004 covering a range of programs such as Maya, Photoshop, and Unreal Engine 4. Creatively, he got his start painting graffiti in the mid- to late- 80s. In the '90s, he learned how to use an airbrush and started painting murals on cars instead of walls. It also paid a lot better. In 1999, he attended International Fine Arts College in Miami to earn his BFA in Computer Animation, and later attended Miami International University's School of Art and Design for his master's degree in Computer Animation.

**Paola Baños** was born in Bogotá, Colombia, and moved to Florida at age 5. He is a junior at Lynn University majoring in Entrepreneurship, and is president of the Animal Welfare Club. He enjoys photography, reading, and exploring new cities and countries.

**Samantha Barber** is a student at Lynn University.

**Denise Belafonte** has been a professor at Lynn University since 1997, teaching in the broadcasting, film, and television areas. Her career as a videographer, photographer, and director have helped bring her students to a professional-level caliber.

**Vanessa Calle Borelly** is a student at Lynn University.

**Jasmire Brant** believes life as an orphan can teach you many things, one of the most valuable of which is the preciousness of love. The way we make other people feel makes a difference in the whole world, first by way of shaping the minds and hearts of our next generations, and then by their will to do what's in their hearts. In essence, she believes that love can change the world, and harnesses that notion of beauty and truth in her poetry. She is a Lynn University student in the DMAC program, majoring in Animation.

**Kayla Brown** moved from San Marcos, Texas, to attend Watson University in hopes of turning her passion into a profession through her company, Inguz. Kayla has authored two books in the last two years: *Awk-Word* and *All Bard No Bite*. She loves working with local businesses to better serve the community. In her hometown, she dedicated many of her days to volunteering with businesses to help them reach their community goals. Kayla is politically active and helped with the San Marcos mayoral election, and is inspired to become the first female president of the United States of America.

**Corey Bullard** is a senior and a Communications and Media major in the iLynn program. A native of South Florida, Corey enjoys outdoor life with his wife and four children. As a veteran of the U.S. Air Force, Corey is inspired by the use of film to tell the stories of American veterans.

**Stephanie Canonica** is originally from Leominster, Massachusetts. A resident of South Florida for over 30 years, she has been working at Lynn University's Perper Mailroom since 2005, becoming supervisor at the beginning of 2018. Her hobbies include photography, poetry, reading, mountain biking, ballet, and kick boxing.

**Michaela Carney** is a student at Lynn University.

**Jordan Chussler**, a Lynn graduate, is the academic editor for the Lynn University

Digital Press and author of the novel *Shadows*. She has experiences in food service and community service shared through her accounts of contemporary life in South Florida.

**Bailey-Michelle Collins** is a student at Lynn University.

**Xiara Del Valle** is a senior at Lynn University majoring in Fashion and Retail, as well as Political Science. Her talents and interests, like her two majors, vary tremendously. Writing happens to be one of those talents, which resulted in her contributing the poem "Crossroads" to *Quest*.

**Erika De la Torre Villazon** is a student at Lynn University.

**Breanna Devlin** is a student at Lynn University.

**Youssef El Salamouny** is a student at Lynn University.

**Tom Ferstle** is an associate professor of writing in the College of Arts and Sciences at Lynn University. He is a poet, writer, actor, and a backyard guitar man.

**David Fleisher** is professor emeritus in the College of Arts and Sciences at Lynn University. He is an author and playwright who has had many of his plays produced in the United States and in Ireland. He co-wrote the book for the musical *Postcards from Paradise*, which was produced in March 2017 at Lynn University and in Dublin, Ireland. His play, "Maid Service," is included in *The Best Ten-Minute Plays 2015* (Smith & Kraus). Two of his monologues are included in *The Best Men's Stage Monologues of 1999* and *The Best Women's Stage Monologues of 2000* (Smith & Kraus). One of his plays is published by Dramatic Publishing Company in its anthology *35 in 10: Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays*. He is co-author of the nonfiction book *Death of an American: The Killing of John Singer*, and is a member of the Authors Guild and Dramatists Guild.

**Matthew Fulcher** is a grad student. His passion for Photography and Videography all started when he bought a drone two years ago. In 2015, he began experimenting with aerial platforms and drone videography. Now he creates stunning Lifestyle Videos for a Real Estate Agency.

**Sarah Galati** is a student at Lynn University.

**Eric George** is a Digital Media and Communications major at Lynn University and father of six-year-old twin boys. They inspire him to be creative with stories and situations as they role play characters at home and always find it funny to make him the bad guy they defeat. He is also a DJ who has the goal of growing and using his digital media skills to tell stories when providing his services.

**Allison Gillette** is a student at Lynn University.

**Steele Henriksen** is a student at Lynn University.

**Andy Hirst**, originally from Newcastle upon Tyne, England, is a graphic designer, seamster, and artist. A graduate of Lynn University with a Bachelor of Arts in Graphic Design and a Master of Science in Communications, he is currently the production coordinator for the College of Communication and Design at Lynn University.

**Seth Hojnacki** is freshman at Lynn University and member of the baseball team who participates in English and literature clubs. He enjoys writing both fiction and nonfiction, reading, and drawing in his free time.

**V.E. Hunt – Anonymous**

**Paula Hyman** has worked at Lynn University since 1998. She works as a full-time tutor, specifically in writing, for the Institute for Achievement and Learning. Over the years at Lynn, Paula has served as an advisor for Hillel and as a member of the



# Artists and Authors - Continued

Spiritual Life Committee. Her love of literature, travel, music, and art have inspired her to write creatively.

**Jalyn Johnson** is a student at Lynn University.

**Daniel Kaleta** is a student at Lynn University.

**Kevin Kao** has been teaching computer animation since 2003. His major areas of concentration are 3D modeling, animation, video editing, visual effect, and motion capture technology. His research areas including organic 3D modeling, dynamic rigging system, nodes base dynamic simulation and motion capture (both body and facial capture) technology across different software platforms such as Autodesk Maya, Side Effect Houdini, and 3D Max. He also works on several freelances projects including the AAA video game, *Alien: Colonial Marines*.

**Sharma Komal** is a student at Lynn University.

**Terence Kruse** is a student at Lynn University.

**Andrew Leonard** is a poet who has been creatively writing since fifth grade. Poetry has been a gateway for him to open up to the world, allowing him to focus on his writing and help broaden his view of the world. He is a student at Lynn University.

**William Levy** is originally from Brooklyn, New York. He moved to Delray Beach, Florida, in 1996. An employee of Lynn University since 2014, he works in Campus Safety.

**Dr. Mark Luttio** has been a professor at Lynn University for over 15 years. Luttio is a U.S. citizen, but born and raised in Asia, and thus finds himself at home in the international ethos of Lynn. He is described as an Asian soul in a Caucasian body, and has travelled and lectured in numerous global venues, most recently at the University of Haifa, Israel, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and at Sophia University, Tokyo, Japan.

**Jayden McClary** is a student at Lynn University.

**Tuana Marcelli** is a student at Lynn University.

**Jeff Morgan** is an English professor at Lynn University since the previous millennium, and recently had his third book, *American Comic Poetry*, published in the fall of 2015 by McFarland. The author of numerous essays and poems, Morgan lives with his wife, Dana, in Boynton Beach, and tends his garden.

**Olivia Morris** is a student at Lynn University whose original art works appear in *Quest*. She is majoring in Digital Art and Design and wants to be an illustrator after graduation.

**Anne Myers**, a student at Lynn University, is originally from Colombia, but settled in Virginia. She wrote her contribute poem two years ago as a means of describing her depression and how to best deal with it every day. She is happy being creative.

**Noah Najjar**, a sophomore at Lynn University, is from Aventura, Florida, and is majoring in Digital Art and Design with the hopes of becoming a creator for cartoon shows.

**Darion Patrick** writes for personal expression and as a creative outlet. He began in tenth grade and never stopped, having now compiled more than 100 original poems.

**Da 'Zha Petersen** is a Lynn University student, 3.0 sophomore, and aspires to become a manga artist and novelist.

**Harika Rao** is an assistant professor in Lynn University's College of Business and Management. She has attended schools in different parts of the world and enjoys traveling, photography, and learning new about cultures. She is also a trained, classical Kathak dancer.

**Samantha Michelle Rodriguez** started painting when she was three years old, and it has become her passion. The painting she submitted to *Quest* is one of her favorites because lions are her favorite animal, as they embody strength, beauty, and delicateness. She prefers using oil paint because it is easier to correct since it takes long to dry.

**Alessandra Rosa** is an assistant professor in Lynn University's College of Arts and Science. She holds a B.A. from the University of Massachusetts (UMass-Amherst), a postgraduate degree from the Universidad de Valladolid (UVA in Spain), two master's degrees from Florida International University (FIU), and a Ph.D. As a sociocultural anthropologist and activist researcher, her areas of expertise include social movements, education, media, and discourses with a focus on student activism and Internet activism. Her work has been published in academic journals including the *International Journal of Sociology and Social Policy*, *Sargasso*, *Teoría y Praxis Investigativa*, as well as electronic journals, including *Mobilizing Ideas*.

**Karen Semper** is a student at Lynn University.

**Komal Sharma** is a graphic and web designer in Boca Raton, Florida, currently working on completing his undergraduate degree at Lynn University. He specializes in creating professional websites, publications, and logo design, and is well-versed in Adobe Illustrator, Photoshop, and InDesign. As a designer and illustrator, he wants to take on challenging experiences and truly amaze people.

**Daniela Stansky** is a student at Lynn University.

**Paige Alexandra Stegeman** is a senior at Lynn University and has always been driven toward art and animation, pursuing her passion to draw and paint since she was a child, graduating with a bachelor's degree after majoring in Digital Art and Design at Lynn University. Throughout her years in South Florida, Paige's artwork has been shown in three museums, including the Cornell Museum, twice at the Virtue of Fine Art Gallery, as well as the Boca Raton Museum of Art. She won first place in PhotoLynnish 3rd Edition at the Virtue of Fine Art Gallery in 2017. Paige's winning photo will be displayed at the Boca Center for the next year.

**Jordan Stonecypher** is a student at Lynn University.

**Jazznae S. Thomas**, whose pen name is Jazznae S. Braziel, is a communications specialist and writer. Her niches are world issues, social issues, economic issues, and black issues. As a hobby, she writes short stories, scripts, and poetry. She majored in Mass Communication and is currently studying for her MBA in Media Management.

**Jean Tomasulo** is from Rochester, New York. At a young age, Jean discovered her love for the arts when she enjoyed drawing toucans on her papers in elementary school. This soon turned into a passion of hers to continue practicing art in various styles. Jean has also explored playing three different instruments, photography, and clothing design. She is always innovating and trying out new ideas in all of her projects.

**Nikhil Verma** is a sophomore at Lynn University majoring in Psychology. He does photography in his free time, and because of that, loves traveling and experiencing new things. He is from Orlando, Florida.

**Eric Vrendenburgh** is a student at Lynn University.

**Kayla Wortham** is a student at Lynn University.





3601 North Military Trail  
Boca Raton, FL 33431  
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